

## Hydra's Prize

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## Hydra's Prize

by [MorganaMagick](#)

### Summary

After meeting the Avenger's as just Peter Parker, Tony's personal intern, Peter goes on a dreaded field trip to Stark Industries. Tony's plan to embarrass Peter most likely. However, it all goes horribly wrong when the building is attacked. While saving his fellow students, Peter reveals his secret, and in a bid to give them more time to get to safety, is taken down and captured. His captors sneak him away before Tony can save him and he's brought to a secret facility where he can be examined by a member of Hydra. To cause more pain to Tony, Peter's torture is being live streamed right to the billionaire who can only watch helplessly as the boy he sees as his own son suffers. Until an unlikely ally discovers a way to find him. Will Tony get there in time before Peter's body gives out?

Be warned, it gets a little graphic with the torture. Slight TW for assault? Not really but he is undressed against his will but it doesn't go further than that. His chest is touched but only as an experiment being examined. Nothing sexual. There's also some non-consensual drug use. Basically they inject him with a serum to subdue him, that's all.

## Tony's kid?

Peter had a pretty bad case of sensory overload after patrol last night, so Tony insisted on him staying over. It was not a school night anyway, so he didn't need to be anywhere in the morning. Tony had tried to get the kid to stay in the room that he'd set up for him but Peter had insisted on laying on the couch in the living room while Tony worked on some paperwork in there. That's where the kid was now, curled up with a pair of noise cancelling ear buds that Tony had made for him, and his face was hidden against the back of the couch to hide from the rising sun. He was sound asleep, and Tony didn't want to wake him.

It had been a year since everything with the accords went down. With King T'Challa's help, they had managed to calm things down enough to make arrangements and bring the Rogue's back in. Sort of. There were rules that they had to follow but if they remained under Tony's control, then everything would be fine. Today was the day that they would be moving back into the compound. Tony met them outside and brought them up to the main room where Peter was still asleep on the couch. He had planned to tell Peter about the Rogue's returning last night but the kid was already going through overload, so Tony decided to not add to it.

He led the Rogue's into the living area, sparing the sleeping Peter a soft smile before turning his attention back to them. "Alright. I will go grab the paperwork. Go ahead and make yourselves comfortable. We'll hash everything out over breakfast, sound good? Okay." Tony stopped by the couch really quick to pull the blanket up over Peter's shoulders gently and kissed his forehead with a fond smile before heading for his office. He paused and turned back to them. "Touch him and you die," Tony warned and then headed into his office. Steve, Bucky, Sam, Wanda, and Natasha all stared at Peter before glancing at each other.

"Anyone know who that is?" Steve asked quietly. "Nat?" They all shook their heads and Natasha eyed the sleeping boy suspiciously.

Just then, Peter shifted and stirred lightly. He blearily opened his eyes, stretching and wincing slightly, slamming his eyes shut against the bright lights. "Friday, dim the lights please," he mumbled tiredly.

"Of course, Peter," the AI responded, and the lights dimmed by 30%.

Peter slowly opened his eyes again and smiled. "Much better, thank you." The teen stretched again and sat up slowly. He was still facing away from the others and hadn't seen them yet.

"Hello," Steve called out gently to get his attention, but Peter didn't respond. So, Steve cleared his throat and tried again. "Hey, kid." Still nothing. He frowned, glancing at the others. Natasha hesitated before taking a step forward. Her movement towards Peter set off his spider sense and he suddenly jumped to his feet, facing them with wide eyes.

"What the hell are you doing here?" he demanded, already taking a fighting stance after he pulled out the noise cancelling ear buds. That answered why he didn't hear them before. "Friday, activate intruder alert," Peter ordered, watching each of them. "Answer the question," he snapped as the AI activated the alert.

"Listen son, we're not intruding, we were invited. The better question is who are you?" Steve questioned, raising his hands in a calming manner.

"I'm-...I'm Mr. Stark's intern. Invited by who?"

Steve frowned deeply. “An intern? Sleeping in the Avengers compound living room? How about you try that again. This time with the truth.” Before Peter could respond, Tony ran out of his office with a panicked expression, paperwork clutched in his hand.

“Peter?! What’s-oh…” he sighed in relief, his shoulders sagging as he grasped at his chest with his free hand. “Cancel alert. Notify security: False Alarm,” Tony stated, and the alarm shut off. “Jesus, kid. You’ve got to stop scaring me like that, my heart can’t take it,” he muttered, tossing the paperwork on the counter.

“You have a heart?” Peter quipped back automatically. “Mr. Stark, what are they doing here?”

“I do actually,” Tony answered, mocking offended. “Pepper keeps it in a display case. Labeled it as proof and everything. They are here because I invited them. They’re being pardoned. I was going to tell you last night but you needed rest and I knew you wouldn’t get any if I told you,” he explained as he walked over to them and threw an arm around Peter’s shoulders. “Sorry, kid. Your sleep is more important.” Peter sighed and groaned.

“Tony,” Steve cut in. “Who is he?”

“Right. Everyone, this is Peter. Peter, you know who they are. Be careful, he’s fragile. And my intern.”

“I’m not fragile,” Peter grumbled, shoving Tony’s arm off him with a playful glare.

“Intern?” Steve repeated doubtfully.

“Yeah. My personal intern,” Tony answered but Steve didn’t buy it. “No? Yeah, I didn’t think you’d believe that. Truth is he’s a bit more than a normal intern. Part of his role here is as my personal intern. The rest is…classified.”

“Classified?” Steve asked, crossing his arms over his chest. “By whom?”

“By me. And by Peter. Sorry, Cap. My lips are sealed. Only Peter can authorize the disclosure of that information,” Tony shrugged.

Peter smiled slightly. “Yeah, I’m not authorizing any of you,” he smirked. “Except maybe Scarlet Witch and Black Widow. But only because I like them. They’re the only ones who actually scare me.” Tony bit back a laugh.

“Smart boy,” Natasha commented and smirked. “Tony, do you mind if Wanda and I steal him for a few minutes?”

Tony glanced at Peter who was nodding. “Fine. But you can’t keep him. I found him first. Finders keepers.”

Natasha raised an eyebrow as she led Peter away with a wink. “No promises,” she smiled. “Come on, Peter. Let’s go talk and let the curiosity drive the boys insane.”

Peter giggled as he left with Natasha and Wanda. “Sounds like fun.”

Tony shook his head with a bright smile. “Pretty sure that I just lost my intern.”

# Petty Revenge

## Chapter Summary

Peter reveals his superhero identity to two of the Avengers but not the others. Also, they get to try and guess first for fun. Wanda's really good at it. Also Natasha officially claims Peter as her baby spider.

Peter followed the two female Avengers into one of the empty rooms and shut the door behind him. He tried to hide his nerves with a light smile, burying his hands into his pockets. "Hi," he greeted shakily. "I'm Peter...but you...already know that. Sorry about before. I'm a big fan by the way." Wanda and Natasha both smiled at him gently and Peter tried to contain himself because Scarlet Witch and freaking Black Widow were smiling at him! Ned was going to lose his mind when he told him.

"It's nice to meet you, Peter. So, you have a classified secret?" Natasha asked, eyeing him in a way that made Peter feel like she was trying to decipher every single secret he ever had.

Peter nodded. "I'll let both of you in on it, but you can't tell the others. I don't want them to know. It's not that I don't trust them-..." Natasha raised an eyebrow at that, and he sighed. "Alright, so I don't really trust them anymore but that's not the point. I don't want them to know. Not yet."

"We won't tell them anything, Peter. We can keep a secret," Wanda assured him. "However, since you're just going to tell us, would you mind if we tried to guess what it is?"

Peter's eyes widened a bit, surprised. "You...you want to try to guess my secret?"

"It could be fun," Natasha noted. "I'm a trained spy after all. I already have a theory. And I've been trying to teach Wanda some tricks. This could be like a small exercise for her."

He smiled and nodded, curious as to how this would go. "Sure! Yeah, go ahead."

"You're clearly young. A teenager. And the way Tony behaves with you. He's not like that with anyone," Natasha pointed out. "I'm not sure. My theory seems the most likely given Tony's... promiscuous past. It's the simplest explanation but that's what makes me doubt it. Things are never simple with Tony," she explained, and Peter wondered where she was going with this. "An intern who's more than just an intern. Who is allowed in typically closed off areas and even sleeps in the living room like it's normal? Not to mention the way Tony acts with you. I think you could be his son. A product of one of his many dalliances in the past. And he only found out about you recently. The last year or so."

Peter stared at her with wide eyes, his mouth hanging open in shock. "W-What?" I...no. No, I'm-I...I'm not his son," he sputtered out with a small laugh. "Not...not even close."

Natasha merely shrugged. "Like I said, I had my doubts. It's never simple with Tony. Wanda? What do you think?"

"Well I certainly think you two have a father/son relationship. But not related. I think he is your mentor. He's training you to be an Avenger eventually. You're still young after all. But the

question is, why would Stark choose you as his protégé? What makes you Avengers material? It's one of two things," Wanda noted slowly. "Either you're highly intelligent or you're enhanced in some way. However, considering that you're also an intern, I'd say the former."

"Wow..." Peter mumbled. "That...that was spot on actually."

"Really?" Natasha asked. "Well done, Wanda. So, which is it? Smart or enhanced?"

"Both," he smiled brightly. "I'm smart and enhanced. I uh...I actually go to a school for geniuses. Top of my class."

"Impressive. And your enhancements? What are your stats?" Natasha pressed curiously.

"And how'd you come by them? Did Stark have anything to do with it?" Wanda added.

"Thanks. And no, he wasn't involved. I met him after. I was bitten by a spider. A radioactive spider. I have super strength, enhanced speed, agility, reflexes, and senses. I have a sort of sixth sense, kind of like a danger warning. Oh, and I'm sticky," he explained with a grin.

"Sticky?" Wanda repeated.

"Yeah," he nodded and jumped, flipping and hanging onto the ceiling with his hands and feet. "See? Sticky."

Natasha watched him carefully. "Wait. Bit by a spider? You're Spider-Man? From Germany?"

Peter jumped down and nodded with a smile. "Guilty."

"That's why you don't trust them," Wanda guessed and nodded again.

"Fought all three of them. Actually, took out Falcon and Barnes. Webbed them to the floor but then Falcon used his drone thing to throw me out the window. And Captain America dropped a jet ramp on me," he told them, running a hand through his hair. "Not telling them is kind of my way of getting revenge on them."

"That's your idea of revenge?" Wanda laughed.

"That is so pure," Natasha smiled. "Your secret is safe with us. Come, baby spider. Let's go rejoin the boys."

"Baby spider?" Peter gasped at the nickname before whispering, "I love it."

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Tony was sitting down in the living room, going over the forms with Steve and the others while munching on breakfast when Peter returned with Wanda and Natasha, and he was practically glowing with excitement. "Hey kid. You lived. How'd it go?" Peter grabbed a plate for himself and sat down next to Tony while Natasha and Wanda sat down on the other couch with Steve.

"It went really well, Mr. Stark. They'll keep it a secret," Peter explained with a grin, stuffing his face with food.

"Wonderful kid you have there, Tony," Natasha noted with a smirk. "I might keep the baby spider all to myself."

"Baby spider?" Tony questioned.

“It’s what she calls me, Mr. Stark. I love it,” Peter beamed.

Tony sighed. “Nat, I thought I told you *not* to steal my kid.”

“And I told you no promises,” she smirked.

“She can steal me, Mr. Stark. I don’t mind. You’ll always be my favorite,” Peter assured him.

Tony scoffed. “You said Bruce was your favorite. You said, and I quote ‘He’s the best and the smartest scientist in the world,’” Tony reminded him with a pout.

“He is! Okay, you’re my favorite...after Dr. Banner.”

Tony sighed dramatically. “Way to break my heart, kid.”

“Tony,” Steve spoke up, looking up from the form he’d been reading. “What do you mean ‘your kid’?”

# Parker Luck Strikes Again

## Chapter Summary

Peter discovers that his decathlon team was chosen for a very special field trip. And he just knows that Tony had something to do with it. But one of his teacher thinks that Peter's been lying and confronts him about it.

It had been an average day at school so far. Nothing particularly interesting had happened. That is until lunch, during an impromptu decathlon meeting. MJ had set it up because apparently Mr. Harrington had an announcement for them. They all met up in the practice room, picking at their lunches as Mr. Harrington passed a slip of paper to everyone.

“We are all in for a special treat. Our team has been given permission to take a tour of Stark Industries,” he announced, and the students all perked up excitedly, except for Peter. “And since the tower here in the city was sold last year, we’re going to the one upstate which is connected to the Avengers compound. We’re leaving Saturday morning. That is two days away, so you all need to hand in those slips tomorrow during practice.”

“Dude, this is awesome! Do you think we’ll see any Avengers?” Ned asked excitedly but Peter was barely attention. All he could think about was how much Mr. Stark was going to try to embarrass him.

“Yes, I know, it’s very exciting,” Mr. Harrington continued. “Ms. Wells will be joining us as a chaperone. On Saturday morning, meet her and I in front of the school no later than 9am.”

“Hey, Penis! You nervous about your big lie being exposed?” Flash taunted and Peter just rolled his eyes.

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Once he got home from school, he was tempted to not tell May about the field trip and just not go. But he had a suspicious feeling that Mr. Stark had set this whole trip up and May was in on it. A suspicion that was pretty much confirmed when May asked for the permission slip without him ever telling her about it. She then signed it, not even reading it first, with a smirk on her face. Traitor.

He thought things couldn’t get any worse, but of course, he was wrong. The next day, in Ms. Wells class, it got worse. When class dismissed, Peter stood up to head to Decathlon practice, but Ms. Wells stopped him. “Mr. Parker, I’d like to speak to you for a moment.” Ned glanced back at him in confusion and Peter just shrugged, having no idea.

“See you at practice, Ned,” he smiled before walking up to her desk. “Yes, Ms. Wells?”

“Peter, as you know, I’ll be joining your team on the field trip tomorrow,” she started, her eyes showing a cold contempt over a fake smile. At least that’s how it looked to him, but he had no idea why. “I have to say that I’m very disappointed in how you’ve continued to lie to everybody about having that internship.” Peter felt a shock go through him. He opened his mouth to respond but she continued. “No, I’m not finished. I’m afraid I can’t let this behavior continue. You need to come clean.”

He didn't really know what to say. He'd never once thought that any of his teachers had believed Flash and thought Peter was a liar. "I...I'm not lying, Ms. Wells. I really am an intern."

The look in her eyes seemed to turn even colder at that. "Mr. Parker. I've checked with S.I. policies. They don't hire high schoolers."

"Normally that's true, but Mr. Stark made an exception for me," Peter explained.

"And again, with knowing Tony Stark. I understand that you want attention, but this is no way to get it."

"I'm not even the one who told people that I know him," Peter countered. "Flash is the one who started saying that. He just happened to be right."

"Do not talk back to me!" Ms. Wells snapped and sighed. "Alright, I've had enough of your games. It would be in your best interest to come clean tomorrow before we leave. I cannot allow you to embarrass our school with your blatant lies. If you don't admit that you've been lying by the end of the trip, then I will have to bring this to the attention of the principal. Do you understand?"

"But Ms. Wells- "Peter tried.

"Do you understand?" she repeated forcefully, glaring at him. Peter clamped his mouth shut, refusing to look at her as he nodded. "Good. Now go to practice before Mr. Harrington notices your absence." Peter left without another word.

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It was safe to say that Peter was no longer having a good day. After practice, he was looking forward to putting in a few hours at the lab, needing the distraction. Happy drove him to S.I. and had tried to ask him what was wrong, but he just said that he was tired and left it at that. Though he doubted Happy believed that. Once inside, he headed straight up to the lab but less than a minute after he got there, Mr. Stark walked in.

"Hey, kid. What's going on? Happy told me that you seemed pretty upset about something," Mr. Stark asked, concern lacing his voice.

Peter sighed. "I'm fine. Just tired."

"Just tired, huh?" Tony repeated and walked over to Peter, sitting next to him at the workstation and placing a gentle hand on his shoulder. "What's wrong, Peter? Tell me," he murmured softly.

"...You know that trip I have tomorrow?" he asked quietly.

"You mean the field trip that I'd arranged? Yeah."

"Knew it...well one of my teachers, Ms. Wells, is going with us as a chaperone along with Mr. Harrington," Peter explained slowly, fiddling with a new prototype web shooter while he spoke. "She pulled me aside today. She...she thinks I'm lying about the internship. Said if I don't admit to lying by the end of the field trip then she'll go to the principal about it..."

Mr. Stark remained eerily quiet for a few moments. "Do you think she's going to cause any issues during the trip?" he finally asked, his voice slow and measured like he was trying to reign in his temper. And judging by the look on Mr. Stark's face, that is exactly what he was doing.

"Probably," Peter nodded. "You should've seen the way she looked at me."



“How did she look at you?”

“...Like she hated me...” he mumbled.

Mr. Stark was furious by that point, but he swallowed his anger, knowing that Peter wouldn't want him to do anything rash. He gently pulled Peter into a hug, rubbing his back lightly. “If she does anything tomorrow, if she says anything, you notify me and I will sort it out, alright? I'm serious. Anything at all.” Peter didn't respond. He just nodded and leaned into the hug, burying his face into Mr. Stark's shoulder. “And I'll have Friday keep an eye on everything. Now. Let's see if we can fix the bugs on those new web shooters you're making.”

Peter pulled away with a tiny smile. “Thank you, Mr. Stark.”

“You know, you should really start calling me Tony by now, Underoos,” Mr. Stark smiled.

Peter's own smile brightened. “Thank you...Tony.”

# The Field Trip

## Chapter Summary

It's time for the field trip and Peter proves that he wasn't lying. And gets a temporary job. Tony goes protective dad mode and is having way too much fun.

May dropped him off at the school ten minutes before 9am and he walked over to where Ned was talking to MJ, doing his best to ignore the glare that Ms. Wells sent his way. Everyone was already there so they were just waiting for the bus to arrive. Peter greeted Ned with their personal handshake and nodded to MJ with a light smile.

“What’s up, loser?” MJ greeted which made Peter smile even more. She always called them losers, but he knew she did it out of fondness and didn’t actually mean it. Just one more thing that made her MJ. And Peter wouldn’t change it for anything.

“Hey MJ. Are you excited?” he asked.

“Am I excited to see where you work? No, not really. Intrigued maybe,” she answered, and he grinned.

“I think you’ll like it.”

“Hey Penis!” he heard Flash shout and bit back a groan. “Today’s the day that you’re pathetic lie will be exposed,” Flash gloated and walked over to them with a condescending smile.

“Hey Flash, do you mind? We’re having an intelligent conversation here and your dumbass is lowering the IQ of the whole area every time you open your mouth,” MJ snapped at him.

“Excuse me? What did you just say to me?” Flash challenged but MJ didn’t back down and fixed him with one of her signature glares.

“Oh, I’m sorry. Are you too dumb to understand words? Did you need me to repeat that? Maybe with pictures to help you understand?” Flash stared at her in shock for several seconds, opening and closing his mouth like a fish. “What? Do you need a few years to come up with an intelligent response?” she continued, and Peter had to bite back a laugh. Eventually, Flash just gave up and walked away.

“That was awesome!” Ned grinned.

“It was,” Peter agreed. “Thanks, MJ,” he thanked her with a light blush.

“Whatever. I’m really looking forward to drawing the look on his face on the way there. That alone is worth it,” she shrugged.

“Hey, maybe you could draw the look on his face when Peter proves him wrong and shows everyone that he really does work there,” Ned suggested and Peter chanced a glance at the two teachers and saw that Ms. Wells was still glaring at him as though she was waiting for him to fess up.

“Or the look on Ms. Wells’ face,” Peter mumbled without thinking and looked back at his two friends, both of whom were now staring at him with mild concern.

MJ narrowed her eyes slightly. “Did Ms. Wells say something about your internship?” she asked slowly, and Ned’s eyes widened.

“Is that why she wanted to talk to you yesterday?” Ned questioned. “Does she think you’re lying?”

Peter shrugged, looking away from them and picking at his sleeve. “Pretty much, yeah. It’s...it’s not a big deal.”

“Not a big deal? Peter, our teacher accused you of lying,” Ned told him and MJ nodded.

“You could go to Principal Morita. Maybe he could talk to her, make her leave you alone,” she suggested, and Peter quickly shook his head.

“No. No, there’s no point. She’s going to go to him anyway if I don’t admit to lying in front of everyone before the trip is over,” he muttered, finding his sleeve to be suddenly fascinating.

“She said that?” MJ asked him, her voice low. Peter just nodded. She pushed past him, and Peter looked up to see her walking towards Ms. Wells. Peter nearly yelped in panic and grabbed her hand.

“MJ, no!” he hissed and pulled her back, moving himself to stand between her and Ms. Wells. “No, it’s fine. Really,” he tried, and MJ stared at him silently, letting him know that she doesn’t believe that at all. “MJ, seriously. I...I’ve got it handled. Once we get there if she still thinks I’m lying then it won’t matter. Even if she does go to the principal. I told Tony what’s going on when I was at my lab yesterday. If anything, her going to the principal would result in a very pissed off Tony Stark showing up at our school, trying to get her fired. He’s...insanely protective of me, it’s actually a little scary,” Peter explained quickly, being quiet enough to make sure that only Ned and MJ could hear him. If Flash were to hear that it would only make things worse.

MJ watched him quietly before letting out an angry puff of air. “Fine,” she mumbled. Peter sighed in relief and let go of her hand with a heavy blush when he realized that he was still holding it. “But if she says anything to you during the trip, I can’t be held responsible for what I say to her. She’s a teacher. She should know better than to accuse a student of lying with no reason or evidence that he is, and then threaten to go to the principal if he doesn’t admit to lying in front of everyone. She has no right to try and publicly shame and humiliate you like that. Especially when you’re not even lying,” she ranted angrily, crossing her arms over her chest and sending a glare to Ms. Wells.

Peter couldn’t help but smile at MJ. The thought occurred to him that she must really care to be so angry on his behalf, even if she would never admit it. And that she’s really beautiful when she’s pissed off. He mentally slapped himself quickly, knowing that she would literally kill him if she heard him say that. Her wrath may be beautiful, but he knew better than to have it aimed at him. Even enhanced, Peter knew that she could easily destroy him if she really wanted to, and he quite enjoyed living. He was perfectly content to just sit back and watch her destroy others.

He was pulled from his thoughts when the bus finally pulled up. The doors opened and everyone started to board. Mr. Harrington got on first, but Ms. Wells stood off to the side while students got in. Probably to scold Peter again, he couldn’t help thinking. Seems he was right. Peter was last in line. MJ climbed on, followed by Ned. Just as Peter was about to put his foot on the first step, Ms. Wells put her arm out to stop him, glaring at him coldly. “Mr. Parker. Do you remember our conversation from yesterday?” He nodded, clenching his jaw. “Is there anything you’d like to tell

everyone?” He looked up at her with his own glare and shook his head. She clearly did not like that, and he could physically see her get angrier. “Mr. Parker- “

“Ms. Wells, do you mind lowering your arm so I can get on the bus? I’d hate for us to be late for our tour because of a ‘misunderstanding’,” Peter interrupted, and she looked about ready to burst.

“You...are on very thin ice, Mr. Parker,” Ms. Wells whispered sharply and reluctantly lowered her arm. He flashed her a very fake and very sarcastic smile before getting onto the bus. He walked all the way to the back and sat with Ned and MJ, the latter of which looked incredibly angry.

“Did she say something to you?” MJ questioned immediately.

Peter shrugged. “She tried. Don’t worry about it. She’ll be proven wrong soon enough.”

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They arrived around two hours later. The team was in awe as they filed off the bus and the teachers let them inside. Peter couldn’t help but smile at Ned’s reaction. He’d taken his friend here several times, but he was still mesmerized by it every time which he and Mr. Stark both found funny. Their tour guide walked over to them and introduced herself.

“Hello, Midtown. My name is Dana and I’ll be your tour guide today. Here I have your visitor badges which I’ll let your teachers pass out,” she smiled, handing the badges over to Mr. Harrington and Ms. Wells who started handing them out. “Please keep them visible at all times. Our Head of Security gets very grumpy about that.”

“No kidding,” Peter mumbled with a small laugh.

Ms. Wells walked over to Peter with a smirk, holding a badge in her hand. “Mr. Parker, I have a badge for you. But you only get it if you fess up right now.”

MJ was about to say something, but Peter just smiled, reaching into his pocket. “I have one already, thanks,” he responded, pulling out his personal badge.

She frowned deeply. “A fake badge won’t pass through security.”

“Good thing it’s not fake then,” he smiled.

MJ spoke up before Ms. Wells could continue. “Ms. What does the Theta on our badges mean?” Their teacher walked away with a huff and Peter shot MJ a grateful smile.

“That’s your security clearance,” Dana answered, escorting them to the security lines. “There are four main levels, ranging from Theta to Alpha. Theta is the lowest and is reserved only for visitors and the press. Next is Omega which is for maintenance. Beta is for everyone else and there is a total of 5 levels for Beta. As an example, I am Beta level 3. Finally, there’s Alpha, which is only for Avengers and a few select others. Like Ms. Potts and our Head of Security. Alpha has access to the entire building,” their guide continued to explain, and Peter mentally panicked for a few seconds. His clearance would raise a lot of questions that he really couldn’t answer. “Here is the security check-in. You just scan your badge then walk through and the AI Friday will announce you,” she told everyone before showing them.

She scanned her badge and walked through the detectors. “Dana Waters. Beta 3. Intern. No unauthorized items.” His teammates jumped and looked around for the source of the voice.

“That’s Friday. She operates the entire building,” Dana explained and encouraged them to go through. Which they did very excitedly.

As they went, Friday announced each of them, which they all enjoyed. “Eugene Thompson. Theta. Visitor. No unauthorized items. Michelle Jones. Theta. Visitor. No unauthorized items.” Peter waited patiently in the back, dreading the looks he knew he was about to get. He took a deep breath when his turn came and scanned his badge. He walked through and tried to ignore his teacher’s watchful glare. “Peter Parker. Alpha. Classified. One authorized item. Welcome back, Peter. Shall I tell Boss that you’re here?”

Peter blushed and nodded slowly. “Sure.” Everyone was now staring at him. Including their guide who clearly didn’t expect that. MJ eyed him curiously and Flash seemed to be in shock. Ms. Wells however, seemed to have had enough.

“Ms. Dana, I’m so sorry but we seem to have a problem here,” she stated angrily. “Mr. Parker, go and wait for us on the bus, you’re no longer to take part in this trip.”

Dana looked between them in confusion. “I-...I’m sorry. I don’t understand. What’s the problem?”

“Ms. Wells- “Mr. Harrington tried but she quickly shot him down. Still though. Points for trying” Peter thought.

“No, Mr. Harrington. Enough is enough. You might have fallen for his lies but I’m putting an end to this. Ms. Dana, I am sorry, but Mr. Parker here has been lying for over a year that he is an intern here. I tried to get him to own up but now he’s gone so far as to forge a badge to get past security,” Ms. Wells explained to their guide whom Peter was really starting to feel bad for.

“...I...I wasn’t aware we had a high schooler on staff...but his badge worked so I can assure you, it is valid,” Dana tried to explain. “If it weren’t then the AI would have detected it.

“Then Mr. Parker hacked it somehow,” Ms. Wells continued, making him sigh.

“I highly doubt it. Friday is incredibly advanced and was created by Mr. Stark himself,” Dana assured her, but it fell on deaf ears.

“He’s a disrespectful troublemaker. I’m sure that he found a way. Mr. Parker. Back to the bus. Now!”

“No,” Peter shook his head.

“You’re getting two months detention. If the principal doesn’t expel you first. I will be speaking to him, Mr. Parker.”

“Why?” MJ snapped. “Because you can’t admit that you’re wrong? Peter just proved that he works here and you’re going to punish him? Peter could get you fired for that.”

“Ms. Jones, keep that up and you’ll be in detention with him.”

“Uh,” Dana tried to speak, not sure what to do.

“You still think I’m lying. Okay. How about we ask Mr. Stark,” Peter suggested.

“I-I think that’s a good idea,” Mr. Harrington noted shakily and looked to the guide.

“I um...I can try. He...might be busy,” Dana nodded. “Friday, contact Mr. Stark please...”

“No, there’s no need to bother him with this,” Ms. Wells snapped. “Parker. On the bus. Now.” The way she spoke unsettled him and set off his spider sense slightly, but he couldn’t tell why.

"I am sorry. Mr. Stark is not to be disturbed while he's in the lab," Friday spoke up.

Peter crossed his arms over his chest and glared at Ms. Wells as he spoke. "Friday, override. Authorization Underoos. Tell Mr. Stark that the situation we discussed has happened and his presence is needed."

"That is enough of your lies!" Ms. Wells shouted. "Go to the bus, Parker!"

"Mr. Stark is on his way," Friday responded.

"Thank god," Mr. Harrington whispered.

"Ma'am...I'm going to need you to calm down," Dana informed Ms. Wells. "Mr. Stark will be able to clear all of this up."

"But he's lying, and he's hacked your system," Ms. Wells insisted.

"How about you wait for Mr. Stark and save yourself further embarrassment," MJ snapped.

Several tense moments passed, and Peter did his best to ignore everyone staring as he waited. Finally, the elevator up ahead opened, and an angry Tony Stark walked towards them. "Can someone tell me what the hell is going on?"

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Stark. We seem to have some kind of issue with the tour?" Dana explained nervously.

"One of our students has not only been lying about working here but he's also hacked your systems in order to get in with a fake badge," Ms. Well stated confidently. Peter rolled his eyes.

"I see. That is indeed very serious," Mr. Stark played along, discreetly winking at Peter who bit back a laugh. "Where is this student?" Ms. Wells pointed to Peter. "I see. He certainly looks like trouble. Probably why I hired him."

"W-What?" Ms. Wells asked.

"Yeah. I hired him. Peter is my personal intern. He didn't hack anything, and he wasn't lying. And I certainly do not appreciate the way that you have been treating him," he told her, the anger in his voice rising.

"But...you don't hire high schoolers..." Ms. Wells pressed, digging her own grave at this point. "I checked. Why would you hire him?"

"I made an exception. I'm able to do that. I hired him because he impressed me. And he deserves a hell of a lot more respect than you've showed him. Friday showed me what happened down here while I was on my way and I am disgusted. No, I'm infuriated," he spat angrily. "In fact, I don't want you in my building. You need to leave. Immediately. The tour will continue but you won't be part of it. And I will be contacting the principal regarding your treatment of students." Mr. Stark looked behind him where Happy had shown up. "This is my Head of Security. He'll escort you out." Happy walked over and followed Ms. Wells out of the building. "So sorry about that everyone. I hope this hasn't ruined the tour," he smiled at the group. "You alright, Peter?"

"I'm great. Thanks, Tony," Peter grinned.

"So...Parker really works here?" Flash asked, looking like he was barely processing what had just transpired.

“Duh, genius,” MJ muttered. The team laughed and Mr. Stark smiled lightly.

“Tell you what. To make up for all that drama, you guys will get a special tour. In fact, Dana, how about you take the day off. Peter will lead the tour,” Mr. Stark informed them.

“Mr. Stark?” Dana asked in confusion.

“You handled that situation as best as anyone could. Take the day. I will triple your wages for the month for your trouble. You earned it.” She beamed and nodded. “Peter. Feel up to giving them an exclusive tour? You can even show them the compound.”

Peter stared at him and nodded. “Yeah. I can do that,” he smiled.

“Great. Peter’s your guide now. Be gentle with him. He’s fragile,” Mr. Stark grinned.

“Tony, can you please stop telling people that I’m fragile?” Peter complained as the man gave him a quick side hug.

“No can do, kid. It’s too much fun,” he smiled. “Have fun everyone. Don’t break my intern.” Peter groaned as Stark left and his team started to bombard him with questions.

# Well That Happened

## Chapter Summary

Peter leads the field trip and everyone has questions. Especially Flash who reminds Peter just how much of a Spider-Man fan he is. Speaking of Spider-Man, how did Tony get ahold of that? And was that really necessary?

His classmates had lots of questions of course, but there was far too many to answer all at once. “Okay, okay. I’ll answer some questions, one at a time, but let us get started on the tour first,” he suggested with a shy smile. He led them to the elevator and let them all in and followed in afterwards. “Friday, level 10 please,” he stated, and the elevator began moving. “Alright,” he sighed. “Questions?” Peter immediately regretted asking that as almost all of them raised their hands. “Betty?”

“How’d you get hired by Tony Stark?”

“Oh. Um basically he showed up in my living room and hired me. I...applied for something here, he looked at my info and I guess he was impressed or something because he just showed up and hired me,” he explained. Technically he wasn’t completely lying. He never applied for anything, Mr. Stark just showed up and took him to Germany, but he couldn’t tell them that. The elevator opened and he led them out, hoping the other questions could wait until later. “This floor is where the majority of the interns work,” he explained as they walked past several labs that were full of people working inside.

“Peter, do you work on this floor?” Abe asked.

Peter shook his head. “No. I have my own lab elsewhere,” he explained vaguely.

“Your own lab?” Abe exclaimed and his team’s interest perked up even more. Peter nodded slowly.

“How the hell did *you* get a lab all to yourself, Parker?” Flash asked with a scowl.

“Um...well as Mr. Stark’s personal intern, I tend to work on...classified projects. So, he set up my own lab that only Mr. Stark and myself have access to in order to maintain the security of those projects,” he explained and then smiled. “In fact, I brought Ned in there a few times. With Mr. Stark’s permission of course.”

“It was awesome,” Ned grinned and some of the students started to question Ned instead, like Peter had planned, and it gave him a slight reprieve. Flash and a couple of others were still focused on Peter though.

“Where is your lab?”

“Can we see it?”

“What kind of things do you work on in there?”

Peter mentally cursed Mr. Stark for making him the guide and arranging this trip at all. Hell, he



was probably watching all of this from Friday's cameras and laughing. Jerk. "It's in the Avengers compound. A lot of my projects are highly classified so I can't go into many specifics. I can say however that some of what I worked on was for the Avengers and Spider-Man. I would need Mr. Stark's permission to take you in there and considering what I am working on now, I don't think it's highly likely. However, since I'm allowed to show you some of the compound, we will be passing it. You just can't go inside," Peter explained and surprisingly, Flash's scowl disappeared.

"You've made stuff for Spider-Man?!" he asked with a hint of awe and excitement. "Like what?"

"I've helped repair his suit, and I'm currently designing new web shooters for him. They're still just a prototype though."

Flash's eyes lit up. "Web shooters?" he asked before smirking at Abe. "I told you they were artificial."

Peter frowned in confusion at his two teammates. "What?"

"Flash and I have been arguing about Spider-Man's webs. I thought they came out of him and Flash insisted that they were artificially made," Abe explained, and Peter almost started laughing.

"And I was right!" Flash gloated.

"Wait, wait, wait," Peter interrupted, chuckling slightly. "People think the webs come out of m-him? Gross."

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Eventually, things calmed down a bit and questions regarding Peter's internship became few and far between, allowing for Peter to continue the tour with ease. MJ kept giving him odd looks, but he didn't think about it too much. That's just how she is. The biggest surprise, however, was Flash. After learning the internship was real, he had been pretty pissed off. But once he learned that Peter had worked on Spider-Man's equipment, he did a complete 180. He knew Flash was a fan, which was still a bit weird to him, but he didn't know it was like that. It was as if Flash had some respect for him now. Hell, he was being downright nice and it scared Peter a little. In fact, most of the questions were now from Flash and they were all about Spider-Man and what Peter knew about him.

About 45 minutes into the tour, he took them to the museum on the 20<sup>th</sup> floor, which directly led to the compound. The museum contained weapons, old uniforms, and other things pertaining to the Avengers. "Here is the Avengers museum. Go on and explore. Look around. After this, I will be taking you into the compound," he told them, and they all hurried off in different directions. Peter let out a big sigh of relief and then jumped when MJ spoke up next to him.

"Classified," she smirked.

"W-What?"

"Your position here. The AI said it was classified," she explained, her smirk widening into a sly smile. "Bit weird for an intern. Don't you think?"

Peter's eyes widened. "I-I... Well, I am Mr. Stark's personal intern...so..."

"Then why not just say that?" she asked.

"I...I-I don't know..." he lied and gave her a nervous smile.

“Hm. Interesting,” she responded and walked away.

He watched her leave as Ned came up to him. “Dude,” Ned whispered with wide eyes. “Do you think that she knows?”

Peter watched her walk away, biting his lip nervously. “I don’t know. Maybe.”

“Are you gonna tell her?”

“I don’t know. Maybe,” he sighed.

“You should,” Ned suggested. “Oh. Dude, you have your own section in here.”

Peter quickly looked over at him. “I...what? But I’m not an Avenger.” Ned grabbed him and dragged him down several rows until they were standing in front of a glass case with his homemade suit displayed inside. It was still a bit charred, but the rips and tears had been sewn up. “How did he even get this?” Peter mumbled. He looked down at the info plaque in front of him and started to read it.

### Spider-Man’s Original Suit

“We all start somewhere, kid.”

- Spider-Man made this himself
- Worn in his fight with Adrian Toomes “Vulture”

### Interesting Facts About Spider-Man

- He is terrified of spiders. Will jump to the ceiling just to get away from them, forgetting that they too can stick to walls
- Will jump and stick to the ceiling if you sneak up on him eating a late-night snack
- He’s an absolute nerd
- Loves his science puns
- Almost never stops talking. Seriously. He will not shut up. Help us
- Black Widow refers to him as ‘Baby Spider’ and he loves it
- We lovingly call him ‘Baby Avenger’ and he does not love it. Will sulk on the ceiling
- He really does stick to the ceiling a lot, doesn’t he?
- Definitely found him asleep up there once. He was really tired
- He’s adorable when angry. Please make him mad. It’s so cute
- Did I mention that he’s an absolute nerd? Cause he is

“This is hilarious,” Ned laughed, and Peter groaned.

# Everything Goes Wrong

## Chapter Summary

Stark Industries is attacked during the field trip and Peter has to make some hard choices to protect his teammates. Unfortunately, it doesn't go well for him. In fact, it couldn't get much worse than this.

After they spent some time in the museum, Peter led them out into the main hall which led to the compound. He was starting to think that his Spidey Sense was on the fritz or something because it had been mildly going off for the last 5 minutes but no matter where he looked, he could not find anything wrong. "Alright everyone, just down the hall is the Avengers compound. As far as I am aware, Mr. Stark is the only one who is here right now, so I don't think we will see any Avengers, but you never know. We might get lucky," he smiled and started to lead them to the doors. After several feet, he slowed to a stop, his senses screaming at him. "Peter?" Ned asked quietly, everyone looking at him. "What's wrong?" He looked over to the large windows that lined the walls and saw multiple helicopters facing them. And something was flying right towards them.

"Back to the museum. Now!" he shouted. They all ran but it was too late. A loud explosion blasted him off his feet and he heard several screams. Peter pushed himself off the floor and looked around him. Smoke and debris flew around them, filling up the air and making it difficult to see, even with his enhanced senses. Part of the ceiling had collapsed, and he could hear shouting coming from under one of the support pillars that had fallen over. He stumbled over to it, coughing the dust from his throat and he saw struggling. Betty and Flash were both pinned underneath the large, fallen pillar. Mr. Harrington and MJ had started trying to dig them out while his other teammates began to come around.

"Help! We can't get out!" Flash shouted, trying to pull himself free.

Peter quickly knelt next to him. "It's alright, don't worry, we'll get you out," he assured them and glanced over at Ned who had just appeared next to him when Mr. Stark's voice rang out over the intercoms.

"This is not a drill; we are under attack. Get to the arranged safe zones. Underoos, do not engage. I repeat, do not engage. Stay hidden." Peter frowned, looking at his friend. He had to do something. He couldn't just sit back and hide. He didn't care that it would reveal himself, his team was in danger.

Ned must have caught on to what he was thinking because he started shaking his head. "No. Peter, you can't. You heard Mr. Stark. Don't."

"I have to do something, Ned," he hissed, his heart racing when he noticed a couple of the helicopters getting closer with people hanging out of them on ropes. He didn't have much time.

"Friday, notify Mr. Stark that we're on the 20<sup>th</sup> floor, south side, multiple injured, and my cover is blown," he ordered and looked to his team, some of whom were staring at him with confusion at what he'd just said. "Everyone, stand back. When I say, pull them out." Mr. Harrington opened his mouth to argue but Peter stopped him. "Now." They backed away and Peter put his hands under the cement column.

“Parker, what are you doing?” Flash demanded but Peter ignored him and started to lift. The heavy structure began to raise up and his arms burned from the effort, but he pushed through it, groaning under the weight. He ignored the gasps behind him and could have sworn that he heard a whispered ‘I knew it’ from MJ.

“Now. Hurry,” he grunted to no one in particular. Ned and MJ hurried over, helping Betty and Flash out. Once they were free, he lowered it back down. He turned to see the shocked faces of his team but put that aside for now as he walked over to his best friend who was helping support Flash. “Ned, I need you to take them to the compound safe room. You head to my lab and Friday will lead the way from there. Get them out of here,” Peter ordered, glancing at the men outside who were getting closer.

“What about you?” Ned asked worriedly.

“I’ve got to hold them off till Mr. Stark gets here. I need my Guy in the Chair, okay? Your job is to get them to safety,” he explained, and Ned nodded. “Good. Friday, I need to grant temporary emergency Alpha clearance to Ned Leeds.”

“Voice code required,” she immediately responded.

“Ben.”

“Voice code verified. Temporary emergency Alpha clearance granted to Ned Leeds.”

“Get them out of here. Go!” he told Ned, activating his web shooters and grabbing his spare comms unit from his pocket, placing it in his ear.

“Peter, you need to come with us,” Mr. Harrington tried. Thankfully, MJ grabbed their teacher and forced him to follow Ned, giving Peter an encouraging smile.

“Friday, patch me in.” He turned around just as armed men swung in off the helicopters through the shattered windows. He quickly webbed a few of their guns away before jumping into action. His comms unit tapped in and he heard Mr. Stark’s voice as he dodged a few bullets and knocked one of the men out with a well-placed punch.

“Parker, what the hell are you doing? I told you to stay hidden,” Tony questioned, his voice unusually panicked.

“Didn’t really have a choice. Two of my teammates were pinned, I had to get them out. Ned is taking them to the safe room in the compound now while I hold these guys off,” Peter explained as he fought off ten men, all of them in thick black armor and armed with guns and knives. “Where are you?”

“They’re already inside?!” Tony shouted. “I’m taking down their helicopters on the north side of the building.”

“Well they’ve got more on the south side. That’s where I’m at now. Could use some help. I’m surrounded and there’s more coming.”

He heard Mr. Stark curse and his senses spiked again. “Shit. It’s a distraction. Pete, get out of there now. I’m on my way. Run!”

“But- “

“Peter, they’re here for you! Get out now!” Tony’s voice was even more panicked now and Peter’s

senses were going haywire. He looked for a way out and acted quickly. He used a web grenade to stick their feet to the floor. He then kicked off his shoes and jumped up, sticking to the section of ceiling that hadn't collapsed and scurried away as fast as he could towards the compound doors, dodging bullets along the way.

"Hurry, he's getting away!" one of the men shouted as more swung in from outside. A chill went down his spine and he came to a halt to avoid the spray of bullets that hit directly in front of him. Suddenly, pain flared across his entire body like his insides were on fire. A scream tore its way out of his throat as his grip on the ceiling slipped and he fell to the ground, writhing in pain.

He could vaguely hear Mr. Stark's panicked voice in his ear. "Peter! Peter, hang on! I'm coming!"

The pain slowly ebbed away as a foot pressed down on his chest. He groaned and looked up to see one of the men with an odd-looking gun standing over him. He could not see the man's face due to the black helmet and mask that he was wearing. Peter noticed the syringe and tried to move but his body wasn't cooperating due to whatever it was that gun hit him with. "G't off," Peter mumbled as the man leaned down and he felt a sharp prick in his neck and something rushing through his veins. What little strength Peter had left sapped out of him and he went limp as his head felt like a heavy fog descended over it.

"Grab him," the man ordered, and he was unceremoniously picked up and thrown over someone's shoulder. The man carrying him walked over to the shattered remains of the window and the next thing he knew, they were hanging in the air by a rope under one of the helicopters, 200ft up. "Package secure, stand by for drop," he heard someone say but it was getting harder and harder to focus.

He weakly lifted his head and spotted a familiar glint in the distance. "T'ny," he whispered, his head limply falling back down.

"I'm coming, kid," he heard from his comms unit.

"We have incoming. Keep him off us and get us lower, dammit." Peter isn't entirely sure what happened next. He kept fading in and out. Even when he was conscious, it was all blurry to him. There was shouting. The sounds of gunfire and repulsors. But beyond that, he had no idea. The next time he opened his eyes, they were shrouded in smoke, but he could make out a few details thanks to his enhanced senses. Was it his imagination or did the ground look a lot closer than before? "We're in position. Drop the package. Now. Before the smoke clears."

It took him a moment to process those words and by the time he did, the man holding Peter was shoving him off his shoulder. "No..." he whispered in vain, and then he was falling. Before him, he could see a field of grass next to the parking lot. He just hoped he would hit the grass. Perhaps that was the plan. He landed on the grass with a deep thud and several sickening cracks. He cried out weakly as pain radiated up his right side where he had landed. He was quite sure his arm and leg were both broke and possibly his hip. He'd been somewhat vertical so his head didn't hit as hard as it could've but he was positive that he hit hard enough to break the skin because he could feel the warm hint of blood on his temple. There was a large black SUV parked about 15 feet away and several people hopped out of it and made their way towards him.

"Search him," a tall man with brown hair and a dark blue button up ordered. Two men knelt next to him and started to roughly pat him down, despite his pained cries of protest. They took off his web shooters and tossed them aside. His phone was taken from his pocket and they also took away his watch which had a panic button and a tracking device. Great, he thought. These people know what they are doing. Lastly, they took his comms unit and handed it to the man in the button up. "Good. Get him out of here. I'll stay and wait for Stark."

Peter couldn't hold back his whimper as they picked him up and carried him to the car. He was laid out across the seats in the back before the two who carried him sat in the middle seats. The car rumbled to life just as he passed out.

# Hail Hydra

## Chapter Summary

Now Peter is in Hydra's hands. All he knows now is pain while his torturer takes notes and treats him like a lab rat. All while being live streamed straight to Tony.

## Chapter Notes

This is the chapter with the trigger warning. Like I said, it's not sexual. There is no r\*pe or assault. But he is undressed down to his boxers and the Hydra agent touches his chest. It's done under the scope of being a lab rat and being examined as nothing more than a specimen for research but those elements could be triggering to some, even with that context in the way that it's written. So be aware of that as you read this chapter.

Peter woke up with a whimper as he was removed from the car and brought somewhere. He managed to peel his eyes open, catching glimpses of where he was. From what he could see, it looked like an old, abandoned building. He attempted to move as he was carried downstairs, but his limbs still felt heavy and weighed down. All he managed was to jostle his broken arm, which resulted in another whimper. The two men carrying him brought him into a large room that was nearly empty, save for a metal table with straps on it, two smaller tables with what looked like medical equipment, and a nicely dressed woman with green eyes and jet black hair that was pulled back into a ponytail.

“Set him on the table and undress him,” she ordered and started writing something down on the clipboard that she was holding. Peter’s heart was racing as he was placed on the table and the two men did as they were told. His socks were tossed to the side. He closed his eyes, flushing with embarrassment as his pants were unbuckled and pulled off, causing him to bite back a yelp when his broken leg had been moved. Peter desperately wished he could move and fight back but he could barely even lift a finger. The only thing he could move was his head. The woman seemed to notice his discomfort as they moved to his torso and frowned deeply. “He’s damaged,” she snapped as they removed his jacket and shirt, causing another whimper of pain as they were not being gentle with him. Thankfully, his boxers were left untouched. Still, Peter felt overly exposed and vulnerable, not to mention a bit violated. And the cold metal table made him much more aware of his broken hip that was throbbing and aching painfully.

“Couldn’t be helped,” one of the men answered with a shrug. “Had to drop him from 80 feet up just to get him out of there without Stark seeing.”

“And I said to not damage him before he got here!” she yelled before sighing and placing the clipboard down on one of the smaller tables. “Whatever. It’s done now. Leave. I have work to do.” Both left without another word, leaving Peter alone with the woman. “Hello, Peter. My name is Sarah,” she introduced herself and started to secure him to the table. Straps were secured around his wrists and ankles tightly, making him whimper once more. Next was a strap over his thighs, hips,

and chest. "Can't have you going anywhere," she smiled. "Even though the serum you were injected with had a paralytic agent in it, we can't take any chances. Especially with your enhanced metabolism. Which is why you will be frequently dosed," she explained and then glanced up. "Why don't you smile for the camera?"

Peter followed her gaze upwards, and saw a camera mounted to the ceiling, pointed directly at him with the red light on, indicating that it was recording. "That's not just there for my research. It's also live. Being sent directly to Tony Stark. Thought he might like the show," Sarah explained to him, her smile turning sinister as he stared at her with wide eyes. What show? What the hell was she going to do to him? Did that mean Tony was probably watching right now? All these questions Peter tried to voice out loud, but his mouth wasn't cooperating. All that came out was a grunt. "Yes, I'm sure you have questions. It's going to be rather difficult for you to talk right now. Side effect of the serum. It is only temporary. Should only last for a little bit after each dose. So, I will give you a quick run down of your predicament. To start, welcome to Hydra." Peter's expression quickly changed to fear and he let out a grunt as he tried to move but only his fingers budged. Sarah's smile widened. "We've been after you for a while, but Stark did a damn good job keeping you out of our reach. Till now that is. I am here to study you. To learn exactly how your enhancements work and study every detail. Mainly the healing. Unfortunately, given that anesthesia won't work on you, it's going to hurt. Quite a lot, I'm afraid. I'll do my best to help. I've got lots of medicine here but if anything, it will only knock you out for a few minutes. If it does anything at all.

"Don't panic just yet. First I need to take some blood samples and hook you up to an IV and a monitor so I can keep an eye on your vitals," Sarah assured him but it wasn't assuring at all. He was terrified now. A few tears fell from his eyes as she examined him closely. She reached out and trailed her fingers over his chest. He flinched away from her touch, but she ignored him. Peter closed his eyes and let out a frail whimper as her fingers traced over his abs before moving to his right arm and she examined his biceps, ignoring his hiss of pain as she pressed down on the muscle. "An excellent specimen," she whispered, making Peter feel like an oddity being examined under a microscope. "I'm curious to see how fast this bone heals in person." That statement sent a shiver down his spine and he got a sickening feeling.

The next twenty minutes went by in a blur for Peter. He looked anywhere but at the camera as she took several vials of his blood and hooking him up to a machine for his vitals. He kept trying to move and do something, anything, but he was still basically paralyzed. His eyes watched as she attached an IV to his left arm and started pumping medicine into him. He waited, hoping to be put under. At most, he felt a bit drowsy. Beyond that, he felt nothing. Shit. Sarah walked around to his other arm, the broken one, and began to poke and prod at it, despite his weak protests.

He let out a small sigh of relief when she finally stopped and turned to one of the tables. His relief was short lived. When she turned back around, she was wearing latex doctor gloves and was holding a scalpel. His heartbeat skyrocketed and he weakly fought against the restraints, but it was really just weak wiggling. Peter shook his head as he panicked. "...N-No," he choked out, beyond fucking grateful that he was able to talk again. Not that it made a difference. "No...d-don't. No. Please!" he begged, tears stinging his eyes, but she just ignored him. Sarah pressed down on the broken limb and she made an incision, cutting into his arm. "S-Stop! Please!"

She continued, finishing the cut and grabbing a different tool. He felt an intense burning in his arm, and someone started screaming. It took Peter several seconds to realize that he was the one screaming. The only thing going through his mind was pain. By the time she finished with his arm, he was nearly sobbing. Peter hoped she was done but she had only just begun. "Perfect. A clear view," she muttered to herself and made a note on her clipboard. Peter took a few shaky breaths as he fixed her with a glare. "Now, let's see what else is broken. I'm assuming when you fell, you



landed on your right side?" she asked casually, as though she wasn't cutting into him just seconds ago.

"Go fuck yourself," he muttered, leaning his head back and staring at the camera, hoping that Tony wasn't seeing this. Unfortunately, he was. As were his closest friends. It made them even more desperate to find him.

"I'll take that as a yes," Sarah commented and suddenly her fingers were back on his chest. This time her gloved hands were covered in his blood which was now being smeared on his chest as she experimentally pressed down, focusing on his right side. He bit back a sob as her hands moved further down his torso and towards his right hip. As she pressed on it a short cry of pain forced its way out of his throat. She simply smiled. "Found another one." She continued on, her hands moving down and examining his thigh and shin, making him cry out again. "Right hip and leg," she noted, grabbing her tools once more.

Peter uselessly pleaded with her again to no avail. "Please don't. No. Please!" It did nothing to stop her as she started on his leg. By the time that she finished with it, he was weakly pulling at the restraints, some of his strength returning but not enough to worry her. Peter really started to panic when she moved to his hip. He begged her to stop as she moved his boxers down just enough to gain access to his hip. He knew it was coming and he knew the pain was going to be worse since he was sure it was the worst break. And he was right. Blinding pain hit him with white hot intensity. He was in so much pain that he didn't notice that he was screaming again. He was not even aware that his weak struggling had turned into full on thrashing. All he knew was pain. He gasped for breath when the pain finally lessened, and he was vaguely aware of Sarah injecting something into his IV before the world faded into nothing.

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He had no idea how much time had passed when he woke up. All Peter could think about at first was the pain. His arm, leg, and hip were throbbing, and he let out a small whimper as he blinked his eye open slowly.

"Oh, you're back with us," Sarah stated casually. "Had to give you another dose of the serum but you passed out before it even kicked in. That is quite an impressive metabolism that you have. Only took you three hours to burn through this stuff. I'll need to study that further," she noted, writing something on her damn clipboard. Peter watched her, his heart racing in his chest. The monitor that he was hooked up to clearly showed his elevated vitals, showing just how scared that he was, despite the brave face he put on. "But first, I need to continue studying your healing factor. See how it reacts to different wounds. It really is remarkable..." Peter wondered why she bothered with telling him all of this. The way that she spoke so casually about what she was doing to him greatly unnerved Peter. It's like it was normal for her to basically operate on someone while they are full awake and torture them till they pass out.

To distract himself while she gathered her torture equipment for the next round of testing, Peter looked up at the camera. He assumed it was still live streaming directly to Mr. Stark, given that the red light was still on. He couldn't help but to wonder once again if his mentor was watching. Had he been watching the whole time? According to the crazy doctor Sarah, he had been here for around three hours or so. Had Mr. Stark watched the whole thing? Any of it? Or had he spent the time trying to find Peter instead? Or both? Was he still searching, or had he given up? Was anybody coming for him? Would they ever find him? This is Hydra they were dealing with after all. Peter wasn't an expert of them, but he knew enough to know they don't play around. They're clever, organized, and ruthless. Their attack at SI just to get Peter was clearly well planned. They had done their research. He doubted that wherever he was being held would be easy to find. Would they even be able to find him? Or was he going to die, strapped to this table, being ripped open and

examined like a frog in science class.

A few tears fell down his cheeks as he stared at the camera. It was almost comforting. A possible connection to Tony that he could cling to. He kept his eyes on the camera as Sarah made her way back over to him, tools in hand. Despite the tears, his eyes held a look of determination mixed with a hint of fear. Trying to remain strong, but overall, his eyes showed one thing. A desperate plea for help.

# The Price We Pay

## Chapter Summary

Tony was enjoying himself, watching Peter be bombarded with questions by his classmates. But that fun is interrupted when they're attacked. After realizing he's been lured away from Peter on purpose, he hurries to save Peter but he's too late. Peter's friends want to help find him. Tony's freaking out and will take any help he can get.

Tony was enjoying himself, watching the security footage of Peter's tour. His fellow classmates bombarding him with questions. However, his fun was interrupted when he received a call from Happy.

"Happy, I was having fun," he complained as soon as he answered the phone.

"We have a problem. I've been keeping an eye on Peter's teacher. She's been standing by the bus and she just got a phone call. I had a bad feeling about it, so I hacked into the call. You're not gonna like it," Happy explained and Tony received the recording. He took a deep breath and pressed play.

*"No, it didn't work," Ms. Wells said with a frustrated sigh. "I tried to get him alone back to the bus, but Stark got involved."*

*"Where is he now?" a man's voice asked.*

*"I don't know. Inside somewhere. Stark had me removed from the building," she answered. "You'll need to contact our man on the inside. It's time for plan B."*

*"Hm. Deploying the men now," the man responded.*

*"Hail Hydra," Ms. Wells exclaimed quietly.*

As the recording ended, dread filled Tony's gut and he jumped to his feet. "Happy, get security ready for an attack," he ordered before hanging up. "Friday, keep an eye on Peter and monitor his vitals. Let me know if anything changes. Call the team. Tell them I need them back here now. I need back-up," he listed off to the AI as he suited up.

"Boss, there are seven helicopters heading for the north side of the building," Friday notified him, and he took off. He met the helicopters outside and they immediately began firing at him.

He fired back with his repulsors before speaking to the AI again. "Patch me in through the intercoms. This is not a drill. We are under attack. Get to the arranged safe zone. Underoos, do not engage. I repeat. Do not engage. Stay hidden." Tony continued to fight and took down one copter but there were still six left.

"Message from Peter Parker," Friday informed him before Peter's voice rang out.

"Notify Mr. Stark that we're on the 20<sup>th</sup> floor, south side, multiple injured, and my cover is blown."

“Fuck,” he cursed under his breath. “What the hell is going on? How are there injuries?” Tony demanded.

“I am unsure of the cause.”

“What?! How?!”

“I believe my sensors have been tampered with,” Friday informed him. “Attempting to fix the problem now.”

“The hell,” Tony muttered. “Any news on the team?”

“They are on their way. ETA 10 minutes.”

“Let’s hope that’s fast enough,” Tony muttered.

“Boss, Peter’s heart rate has risen, and he has engaged in combat.”

“What?!” Tony shouted in panic before Peter’s comms unit patched in. “Parker what the hell are you doing?! I told you to stay hidden!”

“I didn’t really have a choice. Two of my teammates were pinned, I had to get them out,” Peter’s voice answered, followed by grunts and the sound of fighting. As far as excuses go, Tony had to admit that was a valid one. “Ned is taking them to the compound safe room now while I hold these guys off. Where are you?”

Panic gripped Tony’s heart. “They’re already inside?! I’m taking down their helicopters on the north side of the building.”

“Well they’ve got more on the south side. That’s where I’m at now. Could use some help. I’m surrounded and there’s more coming,” Peter answered.

Tony looked around at what he was fighting and cursed before taking off towards Peter’s position. “Shit. It’s a distraction. Pete, get out of there now. I’m on my way. Run!”

“But- “

“Peter, they’re here for you. Get out now! Hurry!” he shouted. Less than 30 seconds passed before a heart wrenching scream came through on the comms. “Peter! Peter, hang on, I’m coming! Peter!” Tony picked up his speed and shot towards the south side of the building. The sight that greeted him when he got there raised the panic in his heart. There were four helicopters with men hanging from them on ropes. Peter was slung over the shoulder of one of them. And he wasn’t moving.

“T’ny,” Peter’s voice crackled on the comms and his heart clenched. That did not sound like his Peter. His voice was frail and weak, barely above a whisper.

“I’m coming, kid,” Tony assured him as he flew in, dodging gun fire as he tried to find a way to grab Peter. “Friday, I need an update. What’s wrong with Peter, why isn’t he moving?”

“His vitals are incredibly low. From the footage of his fight, I see that he was shot with some kind of energy weapon that temporarily incapacitated him. He was then injected with something,” Friday informed him.

“They drugged him,” Tony growled as he avoided a small missile and blasted it with his repulsors.

“Yes. It appears so. Given his vitals and lack of movement, it was most likely a sedative and

possibly a paralytic agent.”

“The team?”

“ETA 5 minutes.”

Tony groaned. He needed back-up now, but he didn’t have it. He spent the next few minutes trying to get to Peter, but they had boxed him in and blocked every attempt. Suddenly, they set off a smoke bomb, blinding Tony to everything around him. An unseen explosion sent him flying and it took a few tries to stabilize himself in the air. When he finally did, he heard a cry of pain through the comms. “Friday, what’s going on?”

“Peter’s vitals have spiked, Boss. It seems as though he is in quite a bit of pain.”

“Pain? From what?!” Tony shouted and searched for Peter as the smoke began to clear.

“Unknown.”

He was finally able to see properly around him, but Peter was nowhere in sight. His heart rate picked up even more as he flew around the helicopters, trying to find him. Nothing. Just then, he saw the quinjet in the distance and the others joined on the comms. “Took you long enough,” he snapped angrily. With the Avengers here, he could now focus solely in finding Peter while they dealt with the helicopters. “Activate the tracking device in his watch. Where is he?”

“Peter is below you. In the parking lot,” Friday answered. “However, I am no longer picking up any vitals.”

Tony’s heart dropped. Did he fall? He flew down to where the signal was. But there was no Peter. Just his watch on the ground and a man holding Peter’s comms unit with a smile on his face. “Where is he?” Tony growled, landing in front of him.

“Long gone,” the man gloated. “You won’t find him.”

Thanks to the arrival of the quinjet, the remaining helicopters were quickly dispatched, and Cap dropped in next to him. “You’re coming with us,” Tony muttered, his voice low and his eyes filled with anger.

“No problem. Hydra already has its prize,” the man smirked. Cap’s eyes narrowed at the mention of Hydra and he looked to Tony for an explanation, but he wasn’t going to get one yet.

“Get him somewhere secure. I will question him myself. You and the team meet me in 30,” he ordered.

Cap frowned slightly. “Where are you going?”

“High school kids here on tour. A few are injured. Gotta check on them and make a phone call,” Tony told him as he took off. He made his way into the compound, his suit opening before he ran to the saferoom. “Unlock saferoom,” he ordered Friday as he came up to the door. It slid open for him as he stepped inside and looked around him. Everyone inside turned to him. He immediately spotted the one he was looking for. “Ned. I was told you have injured.”

“Where’s Peter?” a girl next to Ned asked, stepping forward.

Tony paused for a moment and glanced down, trying to hold in what he was feeling. “We’re going to get him back,” he mumbled quietly.

“Where is he?” the girl demanded more forcefully this time. Tony guessed that this must be MJ.

“They took him. But I’ll find him,” Tony promised and took a shaky breath. “Let’s get you all to the med bay. We’ll take care of all injuries before you go home.”

“I’m not going anywhere,” MJ muttered.

“Med bay first,” Tony countered. “Then we’ll discuss it.”

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MJ’s thoughts were racing. Flash’s ankle was broken, and Betty’s leg was fractured. They were all in the med bay while the two of them were treated for the injuries. Tony Stark was quietly talking with Ned while MJ stood off to the side with her arms crossed over her chest. Eventually, she couldn’t take it anymore and walked over to the two of them. “Whatever it is you’re talking about, I want in. I want to help.”

Mr. Stark turned to her and she could see that pain and distress in his eyes, even though he tried to hide it. “You’re MJ, aren’t you?” She nodded and he sighed. “Ned has been insisting on doing the same. There’s no chance of talking you out of it?”

MJ shook her head. “No way. I’m staying and helping in any way that I can.”

Mr. Stark sighed and nodded. “Very well. But you and Ned will need to call home for permission first,” he pressed, and they agreed. Flash hobbled over on a pair of crutches. MJ narrowed her eyes at him, not at all in the mood for his bullshit.

“you guys are staying to help, right?” Flash asked quietly. “I wanna help too.”

MJ could have punched him. “You hate Peter.”

Flash hesitated, looking down. “He’s Spider-Man...isn’t he?” None of them answered. “Look, he just saved my life, okay? The least I can do is help get him back.” Mr. Stark looked to her and Ned as if asking what they think. She and Ned stared at each other for several moments, having a silent conversation. Eventually, they both nodded.

Stark sighed. “Fine. But you will have to call home too. I’ll notify your teacher.”

“Has anyone checked on Ms. Wells?” Ned asked suddenly. “She’s been at the bus this whole time, right?”

Mr. Stark scowled at the mention of her. “She’s with Hydra. She was in on the attack. Security caught her on the phone with them. She’s been arrested.” All of them were shocked by this news. Their teacher had been Hydra this whole time?

“Boss, we’re receiving a transmission,” Friday announced.

Mr. Stark pulled out his phone. “Show me.” A hologram of an image appeared. It was Peter. He’d been stripped down to his underwear and was being strapped to a table. They stared in horror at the video before them. It was too clear to each of them that he was about to be tortured. “Send this to my office and record every second,” he ordered and closed the video before any of the tortured started. He had to take a breath to try and calm himself.

MJ pursed her lips, thinking for a moment. “Can you get some laptops for us and put that transmission on one of them?”

Tony snapped his head up to look at her. “Absolutely not. You’re not watching this.”

“We know Peter. If he sends a message of any kind, we’d be able to catch it and figure it out,” Ned argued.

Stark sighed. “I don’t like it.”

“We want to help get him back. Whatever it takes,” MJ insisted and the other two nodded.

He remained silent for several moments before nodding. “Fine. But if it gets to be too much, you shut it off.” The three agreed and he sighed deeply. He set them up in Peter’s room in the compound. It was so clearly Peter’s with all of the Star Wars stuff in it. Each of them had a laptop to try and locate the source of the transmission. One of the laptops was tapped into the video so they could try and find any clues that could help locate him.

Ned and MJ settled onto the large bed while Flash sat at the desk. Flash looked more than a little uncomfortable. She could only imagine what was going through his head. He just found out that his classmate that he bullies is actually his hero, Spider-Man, and he just saved him only to wind up captured by Hydra. If it weren’t for the awful situation, she would want to draw the look on his face. But right now, her only focus was Peter. The transmission was up on her screen as Ned tried to locate the source. And fuck, it was difficult to watch. Peter had several broken bones, and the woman was cutting into him so that she could watch the bones heal. It made MJ sick. The woman was so stoic and uncaring about what she was doing to him and so fake in the way that she spoke to him. It was like Peter was just an experiment.

“If you manage to get a good shot of her face, send it to me. I’ll run in through facial recognition. See if I can find anything on this Sarah,” Flash stated, adjusting his ankle. “Maybe there’s something on her that could help. A property in her name, anything.”

“That’s not actually a bad idea,” MJ noted, looking away when Peter started screaming. Ned and Flash’s eyes widened in horror. “Fucking bitch,” MJ muttered under her breath, wiping away some tears.

“They’re not even putting him under?” Flash questioned, staring at the laptop. MJ shook her head.

“They probably can’t...” Ned mumbled and they both turned to look at him. “When he was bit, pretty much everything was enhanced. Including his metabolism. Regular medicine doesn’t work on him anymore. He burns through them too fast. Anesthesia would probably be the same. They may not have anything strong enough....” He explained slowly.

MJ looked back at the screen at the same time Peter looked up at the camera and MJ’s heart broke. “Where are you, Peter?” she whispered to herself.

# Revelations and Interrogations

## Chapter Summary

Tony has to make a heart breaking phone call to Aunt May. After learning why Hydra took Tony's intern, Steve isn't happy but Tony isn't in the mood and breaks some laws in a desperate plea to get a location on Peter.

Tony settled everything with the class that he needed to and let Pepper handle the rest. His focus was on finding Peter. "Happy, you find their person on the inside yet?"

"Yes. A man named Kyle. He shut down the sensors on the south side of the building," Happy's voice spoke up from the phone. "He's not Hydra. They just bribed him. \$50,000."

Tony scoffed, "So that's why Friday didn't detect the helicopters or the missile. Well, I hope he can live with the fact that his actions put a teenager into Hydra's hands. He'll have plenty of time to think about it in jail. Anything else?"

"May Parker is here."

"Send her up," Tony mumbled. His mind wandered to when he made the phone call to her.

*Tony watched the kids settle into the med bay as Peter's teacher came up to him. Mr. Harrington looked more than a bit disheveled and unsure of what to do. "Peter...he lifted a cement column off of Flash and Betty..." Mr. Harrington told him quietly. "And the webs...the internship with you. My student is Spider-Man." Tony nodded. "He didn't even hesitate. Peter put himself at risk to protect us. I tried to get him to come with us but he...God, I should've made him come with us."*

*Tony shook his head. "No. You did everything you could. Trust me, you cannot stop Peter from jumping into danger to help people. Nobody can. Not even me. You can't blame yourself for what happened today. But I will get him back. I won't rest until he's home. For now, focus on your students." Tony smiled slightly before stepping away and pulling out his phone, dialing May's number.*

*"Tony, how's the tour going?" May asked as soon as she answered the phone.*

*"May..." Tony mumbled. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "There's been an attack on the compound."*

*May took in a sharp breath, her voice shaking. "Is Peter okay? Is he hurt?"*

*"...May...it was Hydra," Tony told her quietly, trying to keep it together.*

*"Where's Peter?" she asked immediately. "Tony...no, please. Tell me he's with you. Tony."*

*"I'm so sorry, May" he apologized, his voice cracking. "I'll get him back. I'm going to have someone bring you here and we will get him back. I'll get Peter back," Tony promised as she started crying.*

Tony stood in the hall, waiting for May and taking slow breaths to try and keep it together for her.



The elevator door opened to reveal a near sobbing May. He wrapped his arms around her, holding her in a tight embrace as she broke down completely. Tony himself began to crumble, pressing his face into May's shoulder. "I'll get him back. I won't rest till I find him," Tony swore to her, tears finally spilling over after an hour or more of holding them back.

"I know you will, Tony," she cried, clinging to him. "Do you have any idea? Any clue where they have him?"

"Tony shook his head sadly. "They're broadcasting live footage to us but all I tell from it is that it's possibly an abandoned building of some sort. However, I'll keep an eye on it just in case anything shows up that could tell us something. Ned, MJ, and another of Peter's teammates have volunteered to help. They're already set up and looking."

May pulled away to look at him. "There's live video of Peter? I want to see it."

Tony immediately shook his head. "No. May, you don't need to see that. Trust me. You do not want to see it. Peter won't want you to see it."

She pursed her lips quietly for minutes before nodding, wiping at her eyes. "O-Okay. Okay. Just... just please find him, Tony," May pleaded, crying.

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After taking care of May, Tony headed down to interrogate Ms. Wells and the man from outside. He stepped out of the elevator to see the rest of the Avengers standing outside of the holding area. "He say anything yet?"

"He has stated that he will only speak to you," Vision answered.

"Tony." He looked over at Cap and nodded for him to continue. "Why would Hydra take Peter?"

Tony took a breath, glancing at Wanda and Natasha. "Because he's Spider-Man." Cap, Sam, and Bucky all stared in shock.

"You let a kid be a superhero? You had us fighting a kid in Germany?" Steve started and Tony snapped. Now was not the time for this.

"Give me a break, Rogers! Yes, I took him to Germany but not to fight. He was meant to keep his distance and web you up, that's all. And I'm not letting him do anything. He started that on his own before I ever met him. I just tried to look out for him. I tried to stop him. I took the suit away and told him to focus on being a kid. Instead, he went off on his own with no back-up and no way to call for help to save my plane filled with our classified shit and he got a damn building dropped on him. If he had the suit, he could have called for help, but he didn't because I took it away. I've been doing everything in my power to keep him safe," Tony ranted, taking a shaky breath in order to regain control of his emotions. "I put everything that I could think of into his suit. I encrypted his information. I even gave him a watch with a panic button and a tracking device so he could call for help without the suit and they took it off him. All of my protective measures and it didn't matter."

"You can't blame yourself, Tony. You did everything you could," Natasha assured him gently.

"Clearly I didn't do enough," he snapped and sighed. They fell into silence for a few moments.

"Why didn't you tell us about him?" Cap asked.

"It wasn't my call. They knew," Tony explained, gesturing to Wanda, Nat, Vision, and Rhodey.

"It's his identity and he didn't want you to know. He's not officially an Avenger so you didn't need

to know.”

“Can’t really blame him, Steve. You did drop a jet ramp on him. Sam and I also fought him so of course the kid wouldn’t want us to know,” Bucky reasoned.

“Thank you, Sleeper Cell,” Tony sighed. “Look, we can discuss this later. Right now, I just want to find Peter. That’s all I care about. Wanda, can you help me find out what the man from outside knows?”

“I thought that the Accord’s were against her using telepathy like that,” Cap commented, and Tony scoffed.

“I don’t care!” he shouted angrily. “Wanda.”

Wanda didn’t even hesitate before nodding. “I’ll do it.”

“Good. Let’s question him and then Peter’s teacher,” Tony explained and opened the door to the first holding room, walking in with Wanda. The door slid shut behind them as Tony sat down across from the man at the table. He was in a simple button-up and did not look remotely bothered by the fact that he was cuffed and about to be interrogated by the Avengers. Tony glared at him as the man gave him a sickly smirk. “Who are you?”

“Does that matter?” the man responded.

“Not really, no,” Tony noted. “What really matters is who you work for and where they took Peter.”

“Who says that I work for anyone?” he smirked.

“I’ve had enough of this. Wanda?” Tony ordered.

Wanda walked over and waved her hands, her eyes glowing slightly red. “His name is Harry Cordo. He doesn’t know where they’re holding Peter.” The man, Harry, smiled. “He made sure they didn’t tell him.”

Tony slammed his fists on the table. “God dammit! How about you tell us something that you do know. Wanda, dig deeper. Look for anything we can use to find him.”

After several moments, Wanda shook her head. “Only that they put him in a black car. That’s it, I’m sorry.” Tony shot up to his feet and stormed out of the holding room. Wanda followed him, touching his arm gently. “We’ll find him, Stark. We will.”

Tony sighed, running a hand through his hair as tried to calm his breathing down. “Right. Course we will...let’s see if Peter’s teacher knows anything. No questions, just read her mind. Got it?”

Wanda nodded. “I understand,” she answered as they entered the next holding room. Ms. Wells looked far less confident than Harry had. She was quite pale and shaky, her eyes darting around nervously. Wanda met her gaze as Tony watched from the side. “She doesn’t know where they have him,” Wanda informed him before her eyes widened. “But she saw the car.” Tony perked up. “After they dropped him from the helicopter, they put him in a black SUV. She saw the license plate.” Wanda wrote it down and handed it to him.

“Friday, run this and send it to Happy. I want every frame of security footage with this car in it,” Tony ordered as he walked up to Ms. Wells. “Why? He’s a damn kid! He’s your student!”

Ms. Wells glared at him. “A kid whose enhancements could change the world in the right hands. And he was using them to help old ladies cross the street.”

“He uses them to help people! To look out for the little guy!” Tony shouted angrily, not liking how she was using the past tense for Peter as though he was already gone. “He saves people! He’s a teenager! And you handed him over to be experimented on and examined like some kind of a lab rat. We better get him back alive or else it’s your head.” He didn’t bother to stay and savor the look on her face as he left. “We have a license plate. Friday’s running it now. I want all of you to go through the security footage and inspect every second to figure out where that car went. The highway, a main road, anything. Just find out where they went,” he ordered.

# Desperation

## Chapter Summary

Peter goes through more torture and is getting desperate. There's a limit as to how much someone can take. Peter's running out of time.

Peter had no idea how long it had been. The drugs they kept him pumped up with made it hard to focus on anything except for the pain. He was in and out of consciousness the whole time. It could have been hours or days when the increasing pain finally stopped. His entire body was in agony. There were deep cuts across his chest and arms and down to his hips and legs. The deepest of the cuts were over his broken bones so that Sarah could see the bones heal. His throat was rough and course from his screaming. His own blood was a mix of fresh and warm, still flowing from his newest wounds, and cold, dried, and sticky around the first of them. The blood was all over his body.

As the increasing pain came to an end, she put the bloody knife down. Peter barely opened his eyes as he felt a damp cloth being wiped across his skin. "Just cleaning up for the day. Got a lot of blood to clean up here." He briefly thought about that. He was losing a lot of blood. And with what she has been doing to him, it is extremely possible that he's losing blood faster than his body can replenish it. That wasn't counting what else she might have in store for him. Peter couldn't hold back his wincing and whimpers as she ran the cloth over his wounds.

A sharp pain shot through his hip as she wiped it down. "Tony," he cried weakly without meaning to.

"Tony can't help you now," Sarah laughed as she finished up with the cloth and picked up a syringe. Great. Time for more sedatives. He felt a pinch in his neck, and everything felt heavy again. "I'm going to get some rest. We'll continue in a few hours," she informed him before leaving him alone.

Peter fidgeted on the table, testing his strength against the restraints. It was useless. There was no way that he could pull free with this stuff in his system. Peter could feel the heavy weight on his mind from it, but it wasn't quite as strong as before. He was able to fight to stay awake. His movement and strength was hindered but it wasn't completely knocking him out just yet. They had to keep injecting it into his system because of his metabolism, but because it was constantly in his system, his body was adjusting and burning through it faster. If they caught on to that then they would raise the dosage. Till then, he could try and use it to his advantage.

The indicator light on the camera was still on so they must still be broadcasting this to Tony. Hopefully, someone was watching, but it was likely that one of his captors was keeping an eye on the video to make sure that he didn't send any messages. So, he had to be careful about this. "Tony," Peter whimpered quietly. "Please...Tony." He looked up at the camera, not bothering to try and hide his pain. It was a distraction anyway, so it needed to look good. He wanted to make sure that his captors didn't notice his right hand where his index finger was barely moving, tapping out a message in morse code. The drugs were setting in, paralyzing his limbs once more. But he was able to just slightly move his finger to tap out a brief message before he lost mobility completely. Maybe, just maybe, Mr. Stark would see it. It wasn't much; he was having trouble

remembering them taking him thanks to the drugs, but maybe this could help until Peter could remember something else. “Find me,” he mumbled as his eyes slipped shut.

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Peter woke up to cold water being thrown over him. He jerked and gasped at the sudden shock and whipped his head to the side to see Sarah standing over him with an empty bucket and a smirk. “Sorry for the rude wake up but the water is needed for the next set of experiments,” she explained, setting the bucket down. “Sleep well?” Peter harshly pulled at the restraints, glaring at her. “You’ve healed up nicely.” Her hand traced over his closed-up wounds and he jerked away from her touch, groaning as it jostled his still healing bones. The cuts had all healed up, but his bones were still painfully tender. ‘Not quite all the way, him?’

“Fuck you,” he spat, his voice hoarse and cracked.

“Still so much fight in you,” she smiled darkly. “We’ll see how long that lasts. Are you hungry?” Peter frowned at that question. He hadn’t eaten since before they got on the bus for the field trip. It had to be close to a day no, maybe more. “With that metabolism of yours, you won’t last long without food, will you? I’ll just have to get the info that I need before it kills you,” she explained as she connected wires to his chest. Shit. “You’re a smart boy. I’m sure you can guess what’s about to happen.

He could. Peter pieced it together the moment that he saw the wires. She was hooking him up to electricity after dumping water on him which was going to make it so much worse. “What’s your plan here? You clearly don’t intend to keep me alive.”

She laughed, prepping the machine. “The plan? The plan is to study you. To recreate you. Originally, they wanted to torture you for information on how you got your enhancements. But I have been watching you, Peter. I know that you wouldn’t talk but if I got the chance to examine you myself, then I could figure it out and improve upon it for Hydra. Tweak out the flaws. You should be proud. Your pain and sacrifice will help improve the world.”

“You’re actually insane,” Peter groaned.

She stuck a needle in his arm, extracting more blood. “No, you’re just young and naïve,” she smiled. “Now. Time for the electrical tests.” Sarah flipped the machine on, and Peter’s body seized up as waves of electricity flowed into him. He tried to grit his teeth through it but then she turned up the power. From then on, it was just burning pain; his body locked and his mouth open in a silent scream, the electricity cutting off all sound. There was nothing to focus on but pain. The sharp burning would increase for a moment in small areas, but he wasn’t sure why. Something warm slid down his skin in those spots afterwards but Peter hardly noticed.

When it finally came to an end, Peter didn’t know how much later, he was gasping for breath. His heart raced in his chest as he twitched in short aftershocks. Slowly, he opened his eyes. When did he close them? He saw her detach the wires, bloody knives laying next to the machine on her tool table. Wait, bloody knives? Peter moved his gaze downwards. Stab wounds littered his body, from his chest, to his arms, and down his legs. How many times did she stab him? How long had it been? They were all different sizes and the skin around each one was singed from the metal interacting with the electricity. Blood leaked from each wound, pooling at his sides on the cold table that he was strapped to. Great. More blood loss. Peter was just barely clinging to consciousness and seconds later, he passed out.

# Please Hold On

## Chapter Summary

Peter's running out of time and Tony knows it. While going back through the footage, Flash notices something. A clue. More than that, a way to talk to Peter. Their joy is ruined as Peter's condition takes a turn for the worst right in front of his friends eyes. They tell Tony what they've found. But did they find it fast enough? Or is it already too late?

Tony hadn't slept at all. The license plate gave them names that were dead ends, and the footage lost the car on the highway. There's plenty of exits within 20 miles that they could have taken to change directions. He stared at the monitor as Peter passed out again. He'd just gone through 5 rounds of electricity and stabbing. Each round lasted nearly 20 minutes and he passed out after every one of them. The woman, Sarah Mailey, as they had learned, spent the time in between cleaning up the blood and making notes on her clipboard. Tony wondered what the hell she was learning from all of this.

Pepper walked in and put her arm around him. "You need to get some sleep, Tony."

"I can't sleep," he mumbled, wiping at his eyes. "Not till I find him."

"You're not gonna be much help if you're too tired to think," she reasoned gently.

"He doesn't have much time, Pep," Tony sighed. "They're starving him, he's losing blood faster than his body can replenish it, and he's in agony...With his metabolism, he needs a lot of food. Since they're starving him, his body has no energy, so it won't be able to heal anymore. His healing has already slowed down, and his body is going through so much stress..."

Pepper rubbed his back, looking at the screen. "How long does he have?"

"By my calculations...maybe a day. Barely. He's got at most a day before his body gives out," Tony explained, taking a shaky breath. "With how much they're putting him through...maybe less."

"He's not the only one being tormented," Pepper whispered, running her hand through his hair. "One hour. That's all I'm asking for. A one-hour break. I will take over watching this to look for clues. Fresh eyes, you know? Come on, Tony. You know that Peter won't want you to torture yourself like this."

Tony sighed, looking up at her with tired eyes. "You're right. You're right. Fine. I'll take on hour," he mumbled, sniffing as he slowly stood up. "Promise to wake me if something happens or if you find anything?"

"I promise," Pepper nodded and kissed his cheek as she led him out of the room.

---

MJ woke from her short nap but not much had happened. Ned still hadn't been able to isolate the origin of the live footage. Currently, Peter was unconscious once more. So Flash was going

through the footage from the moment that it started to see if they'd missed anything. Despite the things that Flash had said in the past, he was well aware of how smart Peter is. Surely, he would leave some sort of message or clue. But it wouldn't be obvious, of course. It was entirely possible that Hydra was keeping an eye on the video to ensure that Peter didn't do exactly that. So, Peter would make it subtle. Very subtle.

There had to be something. Facial expressions, timed blinking, or twitching. Maybe a slight shaking in his hands. He had made it to where Sarah was finishing up and about to take her first break. She was wiping the blood off with a damp cloth. Just as she wiped over the wounds on Peter's hip, he cried out for Stark and she laughed at him. Flash felt like he was punched in the gut hearing Peter cry out for help like that.

"How can you stand to watch those parts again?" MJ muttered, looking out the window with a deep sigh.

"I'm looking for clues that we might have missed," Flash answered.

"I doubt that Peter's screams will tell us where he is."

"Peter's smart. He'll find a way to send a message," Ned commented quietly.

On the footage, the lady had left, leaving Peter alone. He pulled against the restraints weakly before giving up. It was clear that he wouldn't be able to pull himself free. Peter looked up at the camera and cried out for Tony again. Flash frowned and paused for a moment before replaying it. He replayed it a few more times. There was something about the look in Peter's eyes and the tone of his voice. There had to be something there. Then he noticed Peter's hand.

"God dammit, Flash!" MJ shouted. "How many times do you need to hear that?!" she snapped.

"Does Peter know morse code?" he asked, ignoring her outburst. They were all stressed and upset.

MJ just stared at him, but Ned perked up and nodded. "Yes. Yes, he does!"

Flash muted the footage and replayed it again, zooming in on Peter's right hand. "Look there. His index finger."

Ned focused on the computer screen, his eyes widening. "Black SUV. Abandoned building," he translated.

"So, they took him away in a black SUV and he's being held in an abandoned building?" MJ responded. "Friday, relay this information to Stark please," she ordered and sighed. "We need to find a way to talk to him." MJ took a moment to think, running a hand through her hair. "Ned, what do you have on the broadcast?"

"I was only able to narrow it down to the state of New York," Ned responded.

"Could you hack into it?" MJ questioned. "On the camera, there's gotta be a light showing that it's live right? Could you piggyback the signal to hack in and mess with the light to send him a message?"

Ned pursed his lips for a second in thought before nodding. "I can try." He immediately started working on the laptop, typing away to try and hack in. Flash went back to the live footage, keeping an eye on it as Ned worked. A few minutes later, Ned let out a shaky laugh. "I'm in. I can't zero in on the location, but I can mess with the camera."

MJ looked up at the computer screen to see Peter stirring slowly. “He’s waking up. Try and get his attention.” Ned typed away. “Come on, Peter. Look up.” Peter opened his eyes and looked around slowly. He looked tired and out of it and Ned had a terrible feeling that Peter was not going to last much longer. Finally, his eyes drifted upwards to the camera and confusion crossed his face. Ned pulled up a transcript to keep track of everything said.

“Tony...” Peter mumbled.

Ned started typing again, the transcript copying him. *Guy in chair.* Peter’s eyes widened and he took a shaky breath. *Message received. Need more.*

Peter closed his eyes and Ned panicked a little. But then he reopened them, and his finger started moving. *Lake. Tracks.*

The three of them looked at each other before Ned typed again. *Tracks?* Peter’s finger started to move but then he stopped, his eyes widening in a look that Ned was all too familiar with. “Oh no.”

“What?” MJ asked shakily. “What’s wrong?”

“Peter has a sort of sixth sense. It warns him about danger. I know that look. Something’s about to happen,” Ned explained.

Just then, Peter tapped out a quick message, his breathing heavy. *Look away. Please.* After he relayed the message, Peter’s eyes became unfocused, staring off into space.

“What’s going on?” Flash asked quietly when suddenly, Peter’s eyes rolled back into his head and he started shaking and jerking against the restraints.

“Oh god, he’s having a seizure,” MJ cried, her hands going up to her face.

They were all shocked into silence. The minutes went by, seeming to go on forever and the silence was nearly deafening. Eventually, Flash cut through it. “The seizure’s over.”

“Thank god,” MJ mumbled. “How long?”

Ned wiped away his tears before glancing at his watch. “3 minutes.”

“Fuck.” MJ wiped her own tears and ran shaky hands over her face. She got up and walked over to the wall before sliding down to the floor, pulling her knees up to her chest. Ned carefully made his way over to MJ, sitting beside her and wrapping an arm around her. MJ broke down completely, sobbing against him. “He’s dying. He’s fucking dying.”

“He’ll make it,” Ned whispered, fighting back his own tears. “He’s strong...”

“Guys...” Flash spoke up shakily. “The camera is shaking.”

“And?” MJ muttered.

“He said tracks, right?” Flash clarified. “What about train tracks?”

MJ sniffled, looking up. “We need to tell Stark.”

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After Pepper made him take a break, he went to check up on May in the living room of the compound. She was curled up on the sofa, holding Peter’s blanket that he’d left out there, tears rolling down her face. Tony sat down next to her and wrapped an arm around her.



“H-How is he?” she asked quietly. Tony had made sure that she did not see a second of the footage. That was the last thing that she needed.

“He’s staying strong,” he assured her. “We’ll find him.”

“You look like hell...” she mumbled.

“Yeah. That’s why Pepper is making me take a break.”

“You really do need to rest. Peter won’t be happy if he finds out that you’ve run yourself ragged,” May quietly scolded him.

Tony laughed sadly. “Pepper said the same thing.”

“Get some rest, Tony.”

It took a little while, but eventually, he did manage to get some sleep. But it wasn’t peaceful by any means. He was plagued by nightmares of Peter dying alone and strapped to a cold table. About 40 minutes later, he was awoken by Friday. “Boss, Pepper Potts is requesting your presence.”

Tony immediately jumped to his feet and ran to his office. “What’s going on?”

“You said to tell you if anything happened. Peter just had a seizure,” Pepper informed him.

“H-How long was it?” he asked shakily, his heart racing.

“3 minutes.”

Tony nodded, staring at the screen. “We need to find him...” he mumbled.

“Boss, Peter’s friends are asking for you. They say that it’s urgent.”

“On my way.” Tony hoped they had something he could use. He headed over and stopped just outside the door, taking a deep breath. Just being in Peter’s room was going to be hard. He slowly stepped inside and focused on them instead of the room. “What’ve you got?”

“We’ve got a message from Peter,” Ned answered. “Flash caught it and I hacked into the camera to talk to him in morse code with the recording light,” he explained and handed Tony the transcript that they had printed off.

“Black SUV, abandoned building, lake, tracks,” Tony listed off. “We found out about the SUV already, but it was a dead end. So...an abandoned building near a lake...what’s tracks?”

“That one took us a bit, but Flash noticed the camera shaking. Like a train passing,” MJ explained.

“Train tracks. Abandoned building next to a lake and train tracks. That really narrows it down,” Tony exclaimed, feeling hopeful that they could find him with this. “Friday, search for a location matching this description within a 100-mile radius of the highway. Focus on the direction the SUV was last seen driving.”

“Searching now,” Friday responded.

Their attention was drawn back to the live footage as Sarah returned and started heating up a knife with a blow torch. Tony’s eyes widened as Peter’s breathing picked up with absolute panic on his face. “He’s getting desperate,” he whispered quietly.

Unfortunately, it all got worse from there. Peter, drugged, delirious, and panicking, made a desperate attempt. “Tony please! Abandoned building next to-AHM!” he tried and was cut off by Sarah driving the knife into his abdomen and covering his mouth with her other hand.

“Oh, Peter. Come now. You know we can’t let you do that,” Sarah sighed and pressed a button on her tool table. “I know you’re not thinking clearly anymore. Pain, blood loss, lack of food, lack of sleep, not to mention the serum we keep you subdued with. It’s taken a toll on you,” she listed off as one of the men who’d carried him in entered the room. “But we can’t risk you doing that again. Get the tape.” Peter struggled against the restraints weakly and Tony wanted nothing more than to strangle her. The man walked over with a strip of duct tape and secured it over Peter’s mouth once she lifted her hand. “There we go. Leave us.” The man left as he was ordered. “Right. Now, let’s continue.”

“Boss,” Friday interrupted, pulling their attention from the screen. “I’ve found a location matching the description. It’s a 45-minute drive away which matches the timing and satellite photos show a black SUV parked outside. There are heat signatures inside.”

Tony let out a breath. “Notify the team. We’re suiting up. I want them and medical on the quinjet with wheels up in 10. Tell Vision and Rhodey to meet me outside, we are leaving now. The others will meet us there,” he ordered before looking back at the three teens. “Good job. Keep in contact. If anything major starts happening with Peter, tell me. As soon as they know we’re coming, they might do something.”

MJ nodded. “Understood.”

# Stay With Me

## Chapter Summary

The rescue is underway. But the moment Hydra knows they're coming, they try to take Peter out of the picture. Tony arrives but Hydra won't just let him take Peter alive. By the time the threat is gone, Peter's heart has stopped. Can Tony revive him? Or is Spider-Man truly gone?

Tony let May know what was going on before suiting up, meeting Vision and Rhodey outside. "Our main focus is Peter. We find him and get him out as fast as possible. We can worry about arresting everyone after Peter is safe."

"I understand," Vision nodded.

"We'll get him back, Tony," Rhodey agreed.

"Right, let's go." The three of them took off at full speed. At this rate, they would be there in less than 20 minutes. And if the quinjet is on time, the team would arrive shortly after. "Cap, time on the quinjet?"

"Loading up the medics now. Lift off in 5," Roger's answered over comms.

"Good. We'll be waiting." Tony focused on just getting there, praying that they weren't too late.

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Now that they had a location, Ned, Flash, and MJ were focused on watching the footage of Peter. His wounds from the last few rounds of *experiments* had not healed yet. His body just couldn't keep up anymore. It was starting to give out. Thankfully, she hadn't done anything yet. She had cleaned up the new stab wound she'd given him and then checked on his vitals and started taking more blood samples. How much of Peter's blood did this woman need? He was already pale from the amount of blood that he had lost.

Suddenly, a male voice rang out. "Ma'am. We have Avengers incoming. ETA 5 minutes."

"Understood," Sarah answered, frowning deeply. "Dammit," she swore.

"Mr. Stark, they know you're coming," MJ informed him over comms. "She doesn't look happy."

"Got it. Keep me updated," Stark answered.

The next few minutes were tense. Sarah kept taking more and more blood from Peter. And Peter himself was completely out of it by this point. She had given him a double dose of the serum in order to entirely subdue him. His mouth was still duct taped as well. Not that it mattered since he was too out of it to say a single word and they had their location now. "Time?" Sarah asked as two men entered, collecting all of the vials of blood and her clipboard.

"Two minutes, Ma'am."

"Good. Get it all out of here." Once they'd left, she turned her attention back to Peter. "Well, your

time here has been highly informative. But of course, Stark decided to interrupt me, so our time has come to an end. Don't worry. This information will be put to good use. Hail Hydra." She then pinched Peter's nose, cutting off his air supply. Ned and Flash gasped, and MJ started to panic.

"Tony, she's killing him!" MJ shouted, her voice cracking.

"WHAT?!"

"She's suffocating him!" MJ lost all her composure at that point, grabbing onto Ned as both of them cried and Flash stared in horror.

"Fuck. I'm here now!" Tony shouted, panic lacing his voice. The sound of gunfire and repulsors ran out over the comms as Peter's body started to jerk and convulse, struggling for air. But Sarah didn't let up. She continued to hold his nose closed, the tape sealing his mouth, allowing no air to enter his lungs. To their horror, Peter stilled. His vital readings on the machine dropped and she released her grip. But Peter didn't take a breath. MJ sobbed as Stark blasted the door down and flew into the room. Sarah swiftly grabbed a knife and held it to Peter's throat. Vision and Rhodey were most likely still outside fighting and stopping anyone from following Iron Man inside. "Drop it. Let him go," he demanded, his voice like ice.

"You're too late," she smiled.

"Friday?"

"Peter has numerous wounds and significant blood loss as well as early signs of infection. His heart rate has dropped to 20 beats per minute and his breathing has stopped," Friday listed off. Ned choked back a sob.

"Then there's still time," Stark reasoned. "He's not gone."

Sarah laughed. "Really? His heart will stop any moment now. It's over."

"I can revive him. Drop the knife," he demanded again, his voice more urgent this time.

"Not if I slit his throat first," she threatened. "We've been trying to get our hands on him for a long time. But you...you kept him so well protected. Months of planning and then once we have him, you interrupt me."

"So, you kill him? He's a child!" Tony snapped.

"I'm petty like that."

Just then, a red glow encompassed her hands, and the knife was pulled away from Peter's throat. Wanda Maximoff stepped into view, her eyes glowing. Sarah's hand twisted, dropping the knife as Bucky ran in and restrained her. Once the threat was gone, Stark's suit retracted into the nano compartment on his chest and he ran to Peter. "Hold on, kid. I've got you," he let out shakily, pulling the duct tape off Peter's mouth.

"Boss, his heart has stopped." Tony cursed and disconnected the wires to the vitals machine before starting on the straps. "Help me with this." Wanda stepped over, undoing the straps around his legs and ankles while Tony did the rest. Sarah was dragged out by Bucky, but nobody noticed. The focus was on Peter. They had to get the straps off before they could do anything else. Tony ripped the last strap off and began CPR. "Hold on, Peter. Hold on," Tony mumbled, pumping Peter's chest before giving him two rescue breaths. Peter remained still and Tony started again. Several minutes went by with him continuing to pump Peter's chest and breathe for him and nothing was

happening. "Stay with me. Please, Peter. Stay with me," Tony begged, beginning to shake with fear, tears in his eyes. "Please. Don't do this to me, Peter," he cried and gave him two more breaths. Suddenly, Peter gasped, sucking in air desperately. Tony let out a breath and lifted Peter, holding him to his chest and cradling his head. "Oh, thank god. Stay with me, Peter. Don't you go anywhere."

Peter slowly opened his eyes, looking around in confusion. "Tony?" Peter whispered weakly.

"I'm here. I'm right here, Peter," Tony mumbled shakily. "I've got you." Peter groaned quietly, lifting one hand slowly to hold onto the front of Tony's shirt. His fingers clung to the fabric with all the strength he could muster. "I'm right here. I've got you," Tony whispered, kissing the side of his head before gently lifting Peter into his arms and carrying him out.

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Peter rested his head against Tony's shoulder, allowing himself to finally relax, taking comfort in the steady beat of Tony's heart. His eyes slid shut as they left the building. Bodies littered the ground outside and the survivors were being arrested by Cap and the others. The quinjet was just ahead of them, the medical team rushing over. "Open your eyes, kid. I need you to stay awake, okay?" Peter reluctantly nodded, forcing his eyes open.

The medics ran over and tried to pull Peter from Tony's arms to place him on the stretcher. The second their hands touched him and started to pull him away from Tony, Peter panicked. "No!" he gasped, his hand sticking to Tony's shirt, refusing to release his grip.

"Peter, you need to let them take you," Tony tried to assure him.

Peter just shook his head, clinging to Tony desperately. "No," he refused, his heart racing as he shook, breathing heavily.

"Boss, Peter is in distress. I am detecting a panicked state. I believe that he is in the beginning stages of a severe panic attack," Friday explained.

"Okay, okay. It's okay," Tony relented. "I'll hold him, it's alright," he told the medics, carrying him into the quinjet and sitting down, holding onto Peter tightly. "I've got you, Peter. I'm right here. Not going anywhere. You're alright now, you're safe," Tony continued to assure him. "The medics do need to look after you though. I'll keep hold of you, but they need to check you, okay?" Peter nodded slowly. "Okay," he smiled gently and nodded to the medics.

They carefully walked over as the quinjet lifted into the air. They made it a point to go slow and be very gentle with Peter, checking his vitals and putting an oxygen mask over his face. Next, they set up an IV, but the moment that Peter saw the needle, he began to panic again. "No! Not again, no," Peter struggled, his breathing heavy and panicked.

"Woah, woah, Peter. It's okay," Tony promised. "No more sedatives or paralytics. They're only here to help. You need the IV. I'm right here, okay? Just hold onto me. One needle, that's all. But you need to let them. Just hang on to me." Peter stilled and tightened his hold on Tony, squeezing his eyes shut. The medics quickly got the IV connected and helped Tony wrap Peter in a blanket before backing off.

# Safe Now

## Chapter Summary

Peter's home. He thanks Flash and his friends. But sometimes, it takes time to heal. It's difficult to feel safe again. But he's not alone. And while being tired and recovering, Peter makes an admission to MJ without realizing it. But it works out in the end.

Peter slowly came to with a steady beeping sound next to him. He was laying on something soft and warm and he was covered with something even more soft. There was something over his face, pushing cool air into him. A warm weight covered both of his hands. His head was still fuzzy, but it was beginning to clear up a little. Peter carefully opened his eyes to dimmed lights and looked around slowly. His gaze landed on the vitals machine beside him and his heart started racing.

Suddenly, the weight on his left hand vanished and fingers gently carded through his hair. "Hey, look at me," a familiar voice whispered softly. Peter jerked his head to the left to see Tony Stark sitting next to him. He looked tired and disheveled with dark bags under his eyes. "There you are," Tony smiled gently, and Peter started to calm down a little. "It's alright, you're home. You're safe now."

Peter leaned his head into Tony's touch, seeking the comfort. "H- "Peter tried and cleared his throat, his voice hoarse and rough. Tony grabbed a glass of water and lifted the oxygen mask, helping him drink. The cool liquid helped to soothe his throat. "How long?"

"You were gone for just over two days and you passed out in the quinjet. That was yesterday," Tony explained and held Peter's hand with his left and continued to run his fingers through his hair with his right.

"Three days," Peter mumbled. "You figured out my message?"

Tony shook his head. "No. Your friends did," he explained and gestured to the other side of the room.

Peter looked over and saw a pull-out couch with Ned, MJ, and Flash sound asleep on it. He frowned in confusion. "Flash?"

Tony nodded. "He insisted on staying and helping. They all did."

"They saw," Peter whispered shakily.

"Yes. They insisted on that too. They made it their mission to catch any message you sent. And it's a good thing they did. Flash caught your message and Ned figured out how to hack the camera to communicate with you," Tony explained to him. "Without them, I don't think we'd have found you in time."

"That bad?" Peter asked quietly.

"Your heart stopped. I had to give you CPR on the spot before we could get you out," Tony told him and Peter sighed, taking a slow breath to try and keep himself calm. He looked over to his right to see Aunt May asleep in a chair beside him, holding his right hand. "She hasn't left your

side since we got back. And no. She didn't see any of it. I made sure of that."

"Good," Peter mumbled. "That's the last thing she needs." He closed his eyes for a moment. He knew that he was safe now, but he was still having a hard time remaining calm. His Spidey Sense had been going off constantly for two whole days and now that it was over, the lack of danger was unsettling. Like something was going to happen to take that safety away the moment he felt safe and calm. Peter knew that was ridiculous and he was being irrational, but he still could not relax. "None of you should have had to see that."

"You shouldn't have gone through it," Tony muttered sadly, the guilt and regret evident on his face. "I'm so sorry, Peter. I tried so hard to keep you safe. To hide you away from Hydra. And I failed. I'm so sorry."

Peter squeezed his hand gently. "Don't. Don't do that to yourself, Tony. It's not your fault."

Tony watched him quietly with wet eyes. He continued to run his fingers through Peter's hair before glancing at the vitals machine. "You still haven't calmed down," he noted lightly.

Peter looked down. "I...I can't," he admitted shakily.

"Hey." Peter hesitated before looking back up at him. "It's alright. You have been so strong. So strong. And I'm so proud of you. But you don't need to be strong anymore. It's over. You can let it out, it's okay. It's okay," Tony assured him. Peter's face slowly crumbled, and tears began to fall. Tony took the oxygen mask off of Peter and pulled him into a tight hug, rubbing his back. "It's alright. Just let it out."

May stirred and sat up to see Peter breaking down in Tony's arms. She squeezed his hand gently and moved to sit down on the edge of the bed to help comfort him. "We're right here, sweetie," May whispered. Peter let it all out over the course of an hour. Everything that he had held in over the last few days just poured out of him. Ned, MJ, and Flash had woken up during this time as well, the latter two sitting on the bed with them while Flash stayed back awkwardly, feeling like he was intruding and not knowing what he should do. Eventually, Peter settled down, wiping at his eyes as he tried to calm his breathing.

"You good, loser?" MJ asked with a small smile.

Peter let out a shaky laugh, smiling at her. "I think so." He winced a little, sitting up a bit. "Sorry... for falling apart like that," he apologized, sniffing and wiping at his eyes.

"No, no. None of that," Tony shook his head, continuing to rub Peter's back. "After what you went through, it's entirely understandable. You do not need to be sorry about anything."

Peter nodded slowly. He took a few slow breaths to keep himself calm. After a moment, he looked over at Flash. "Tony told me that you were the one who saw my message."

Flash scratched the back of his neck nervously. "That's all I did really. Ned and MJ did the rest."

"But you were the one who figured out I was tapping morse code," Peter pointed out.

Flash shrugged. "There was just...something about your voice. The whole time, you were holding everything in as much as you could except for then. I thought...I thought maybe you were playing it up, and it had to be a distraction. Then I noticed your hand," he explained slowly, not meeting Peter's eyes.

MJ groaned. "Hey, dumbass. He's trying to thank you."

Flash looked up in confusion. “What?”

Peter chuckled a little, sighing. “She’s right. If you didn’t notice it when you did I-...Flash, you helped save me. Thank you.”

“You helped save Spider-Man, kid,” Tony smiled lightly.

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Peter eventually fell asleep again, still weak and lethargic. It was going to take another day for the serum that Hydra used on him to be fully out of his system. He was on a soft diet, getting most of his nutrients from the IV until he could handle more food. Now that he was receiving proper medical care, his wounds were starting to heal again. Due to the spider bite, he couldn’t have a blood transfusion, so he was going to be weak from the blood loss for a little bit.

He blinked his eyes open slowly and took a sharp breath. There was a slight squeeze on his hand, and he glanced over, seeing MJ sitting next to him and holding his hand. This time, MJ was the only one in the room with him. “Morning,” she smiled gently at him. “You okay?”

Peter nodded quickly. “Fine,” he answered immediately.

She glanced at his vitals briefly. “You sure about that?”

He sighed, looking up at the ceiling. “I will be. It’s just...hard right now. That’s all.”

“Talk to me,” she insisted, squeezing his hand again.

Peter pursed his lips for several moments before he responded. “For two days...every time I woke up it was to more experiments, to more pain. So right now, when I wake up...it’s just hard. That’s all,” he explained quietly.

“It’s okay to be scared, Peter. After what you went through...anybody would be scared.”

He glanced at her, unsure of how to ask what he wanted to know. “When...whenever I looked up at the camera, I kept wondering if anyone was watching. Part of me wanted the answer to be no. Then again, I also hoped that someone was so that they’d catch my message...but...to think that you were one of the people watching...” Peter paused, trying to calm his breathing down.

“We were willing to do anything to help,” she explained. “I thought that we could try and track the signal or see if we could find any clues. Anything that could help find you. It...it was hard...to see you like that. To see you in so much agony and to feel so helpless to stop it. But, Peter, as hard as it was, I don’t regret it. Because we did manage to put a stop to it. And you’re home now. That alone makes it worth it.”

Peter watched her quietly before asking what he really wanted to. “How much did you see?”

“...All of it. Some parts more than once because Flash kept replaying them,” she explained before laughing a little. “I almost broke his other ankle till he revealed that it was because there was something about it and found the morse code.”

Peter nodded and stared at the ceiling again. “They all know I’m Spider-Man. The team.”

“Yes...” MJ tucked a piece of hair behind her ear. “But I’m pretty sure they all had to sign NDA’s before leaving. Betty might ask to visit you when you are up to it. To thank you.”

Peter frowned in confusion before remembering. “Right. The pillar.”



“Yeah. That’s part of why Flash insisted on staying to help. To repay you. Also to make up for being a complete jackass to his favorite superhero without realizing it.”

Peter laughed shakily. “That’s still so weird.” MJ laughed with him and they fell into a comfortable silence for a few minutes. “You knew, didn’t you?”

“I suspected it. But I wasn’t completely sure. It was about 70/30.”

He nodded and sighed. “You didn’t say anything.”

“No. I was waiting for you to tell me.”

“I’m sorry that I didn’t,” he apologized.

MJ shook her head. “No, I get it. The less people know, the less likely it is to get out.”

“No,” Peter countered, staring at her. “With being Spider-Man, there’s always the chance of someone going after my loved ones. By not telling you...it kept you off that list. I don’t want them going after the people I love. I didn’t even tell Ned or May. They found out by accident.”

MJ smiled and shook her head. “You idiot.”

“What? What did I do?”

“You don’t realize what you said, do you?” she asked with a small laugh.

“I only said that I don’t want them going after my-...oh,” Peter blushed, realizing that he admitted she was one of his loved ones.

“I like you too, idiot,” she smiled. “Is there anything that I can do to help you?”

Peter shrugged, unable to believe that he accidentally confessed his feelings. And that she felt the same way. “No. I can’t keep sleeping on my back though. It’s making me anxious,” he admitted with a sigh and tried to push himself up and roll onto his side, but his muscles quickly gave out and he collapsed back onto the sheet. “Come on,” he mumbled. “I can catch a moving car, you know.”

“And you will again once you get your strength back. Here,” MJ got up and helped him onto his side. “Better?”

Peter nodded and immediately took her hand again. “Will you stay?”

“I’m not going anywhere,” she assured him. “But this chair is not that comfortable, and that bed is huge. I haven’t had a good night’s sleep in days, so you’re sharing,” she smiled and laid down next to him on the large med bay bed, keeping hold of his hand.

Peter laughed gently. “Taking full advantage, are you?” he smiled, not minding at all.

She smiled and shifted closer to him. “Have you relaxed yet?”

“I’m starting to,” he smiled and readjusted the blankets to cover her as well. “Just double checking cause my head is still a bit fuzzy, but are we dating now?”

“Duh, loser,” MJ chuckled.

Peter smiled and wrapped an arm around her. It was going to take awhile to fully recover, but he knew that he was safe now.

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